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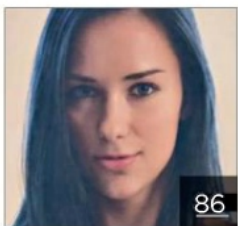
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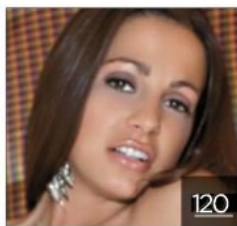
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We would like to thank all of the staff at 20 Broad Street, Vornado, and Con Edison who worked tirelessly after Hurricane Sandy to get us back online and publishing. We'd especially like to thank Matthew, Harry, and Nick, who went above and beyond to get us back to work.

Burning Lust



kiss, she started to ride off.

"Wait," I yelled. "What if we go out to the edge of the playa?" She turned around, slowly pedaling back.

"That just might work," she said, smiling.

Out on the playa, away from the busy city where campers were packed in like sardines, there's lots of open space. During the daytime, it's way too busy to find a private place, but when it gets dark, there are no lights and the only way you see where you're going is to have a well-lit bike.

We rode out to the far reaches of the playa and parked our bikes on both sides of us to have a little warning zone for folks out riding. We talked softly and stopped to kiss a few times, but mainly we waited for darkness. It was Saturday night and a crowd had started forming around the Man that was to be burned. We undressed and spread our clothes on the ground. We lay down and she crawled up my legs and began softly sucking on my rock-hard cock. After several days of seeing incredibly hot naked women running around, it didn't take long before I erupted, and she swallowed down every drop.

"Okay, that's a start," I said. "Now it's your turn." We kissed and then I worked my way down to her breasts. We were covered in soft playa dust, but it didn't matter—we were both incredibly horny and wanted to get to the fucking.

I played with her clit while sucking on her nipples, then moved down to sample her dusty wares, licking and sucking her pussy until she started bucking and coming like crazy.

When her breathing had slowed down, she reached for my cock and began stroking it. In no time at all, she had me hard again. I lay back and she lowered herself down on my cock. She rode me hard, moaning loudly and proving just how horny she was. In the distance, I could see the neon lights of dozens of bikes going back and forth across the playa. But the music blaring and people screaming near the Man drowned out our moaning, and the flashing lights of our bikes kept people from getting too close.

The roar of the cheering crowd got much louder as the first round of fireworks went off, and then, just as

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It was the third day of Burning Man, and I was hot, dusty, and ready for a break from the sun and the constant noise and party. I eventually found this cool pavilion where they had brought in sod. If you took your shoes off, you could walk in and lie down on the grass in the shade, away from all the dust.

There wasn't much space left, but I found a spot. I'd just gotten settled when a gorgeous woman walked in and gave me a smile before stretching out next to me. We made small talk about how amazing Burning Man was, and how lucky we were to be able to relax for a while in the pavilion.

After a few minutes, she said, "I heard there are orgies here. I'm so horny, and I've never been to an orgy."

Both my ears and dick perked up and I said, "Yeah, I heard about that, but they only want nonmonogamous couples and no single guys." She was a good ten years younger than I am and I'd already told her (stupidly) that I was married, so I didn't think she'd be interested, but I did like the direction of the conversation. She went on to say that the reason she was so horny was because her camp mate had been shacking up rather loudly with someone she'd met the night before.

I started playing with her fingers as she talked, before getting up the nerve to engage in some very hot, lusty kissing. We were still going at it when the woman who ran the pavilion said she needed to kick everybody out so they could water the grass. Talk about shitty timing.

"What's your camp like?" she asked, as we separated.

Unfortunately, my camp was dirty and crowded, and my camp mates knew my wife. "Packed. Maybe we could meet up later," I said hopefully, as we put on our shoes and got on our bikes. Then I remembered this place had little or no cellphone reception, and approximately 50,000 people in attendance. You just don't run into someone unless you have a set time and place to meet, so I tried again: "Where do you want to meet?"

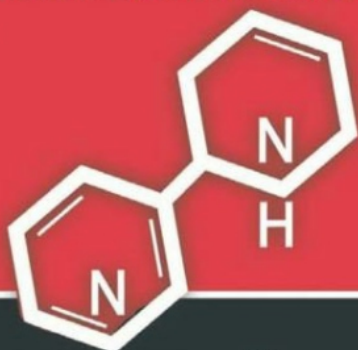
She hesitated before saying, "I'll just go on my own," and after a quick

I played with her clit, then sampled her dusty wares, licking and sucking her pussy until she started bucking and coming.

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Fred Couples
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the Man went up in flames, we both exploded. I shot what felt like massive gobs of jizz into her, while she bathed me in her juices.

After a couple more minutes of feverish fucking, she rolled off me and we both watched as the Man burned.—C.T., California

■ THE RIGHT MOTIVATION

It was the end of my first week working at a new company, and I was still trying to wrap my head around the many details and procedures. I'd stayed late every night, but when Friday rolled around, I was determined to leave the office on time with everyone else.

I was in the process of packing up when Doug, one of the accountants, called, asking me to come to his office with several files I'd been working on. Of course, as a new staff member, I quickly gathered what I needed. I wasn't too upset about having to stay late, though. Doug was just my type—tall, good-looking, and well-built. He was actually on my to-do list, and I was kind of excited as I made my way down the corridor to his office.

I knocked once and walked in. I barely had time to admire the way he looked—sleeves rolled up, tie loosened at the neck, the top two buttons of his white shirt open. Doug told me to have a seat in front of his desk, while he sat in a chair next to me. He had to lean in even closer as we went over some figures, and the closer he got, the hotter I got. As I breathed in the scent of his cologne, I felt myself getting wet. I crossed my legs and my short skirt inched further up my thighs, and instead of focusing on what Doug was saying, I thought about how much I wanted Doug to bend me over his desk and fuck me. I became so engrossed in my little fantasy that I didn't realize he'd asked me a question.

"Are we working you too hard?" he asked, looking concerned. "I know it's your first week, but I was told you'd be able to handle the workload."

Annoyed for allowing myself to get so distracted, I said the first thing that came to mind. "Actually, I could work even harder—with the right motivation." I placed the files on the floor and my hand on Doug's thigh. I felt the muscles tense as I moved my hand up toward his crotch.

I heard Doug's quick intake of air as I began stroking him through his pants. I loved the way his cock hardened and thickened under my hand.



Then I heard what had to be a deep moan—or a groan of resignation—as Doug let out the breath he'd been holding. His hands reached for my breasts, palming them, massaging the tight points of my nipples. Keeping one hand on his cock, I unbuttoned my blouse with the other. We were both breathing heavily when I stood up and faced his desk. Doug was right behind me, pushing that hot rod of his against my ass. Grinding my hips against him, I looked over my shoulder and said, "Motivate me, Doug."

Doug pushed my skirt up to my waist, and used the scissors I handed him to cut away my hose and thong. Then he was on his knees, pushing my legs apart and shoving his tongue

into my wet hole. I loved the way he gripped my thighs as his tongue moved in and out, occasionally straying to torture my clit. When I came, then came again, my legs felt like rubber, and if he hadn't been behind me, I'd have slid to the floor.

But Doug wasn't finished. As I leaned on his desk, I heard the sound of his zipper. Then I felt the head of his cock as he dragged it back and forth along my slickness.

"Am I motivating you, Jill?" he said next to my ear.

I was panting, ready to beg him to fuck me, when he took his cock and slammed into me hard. I was coming again as he fucked me with deep thrusts that had me keening and moaning uncontrollably.

"Fuck me, Doug," I begged. "Keep fucking me."

Over the next two hours, Doug motivated me in a variety of very inventive ways, and I'm now inspired to work late as often as I can, especially with Doug.—J.E., New York

More letters on page 130

I was panting, ready to beg him to fuck me, when he took his cock and slammed into me hard.

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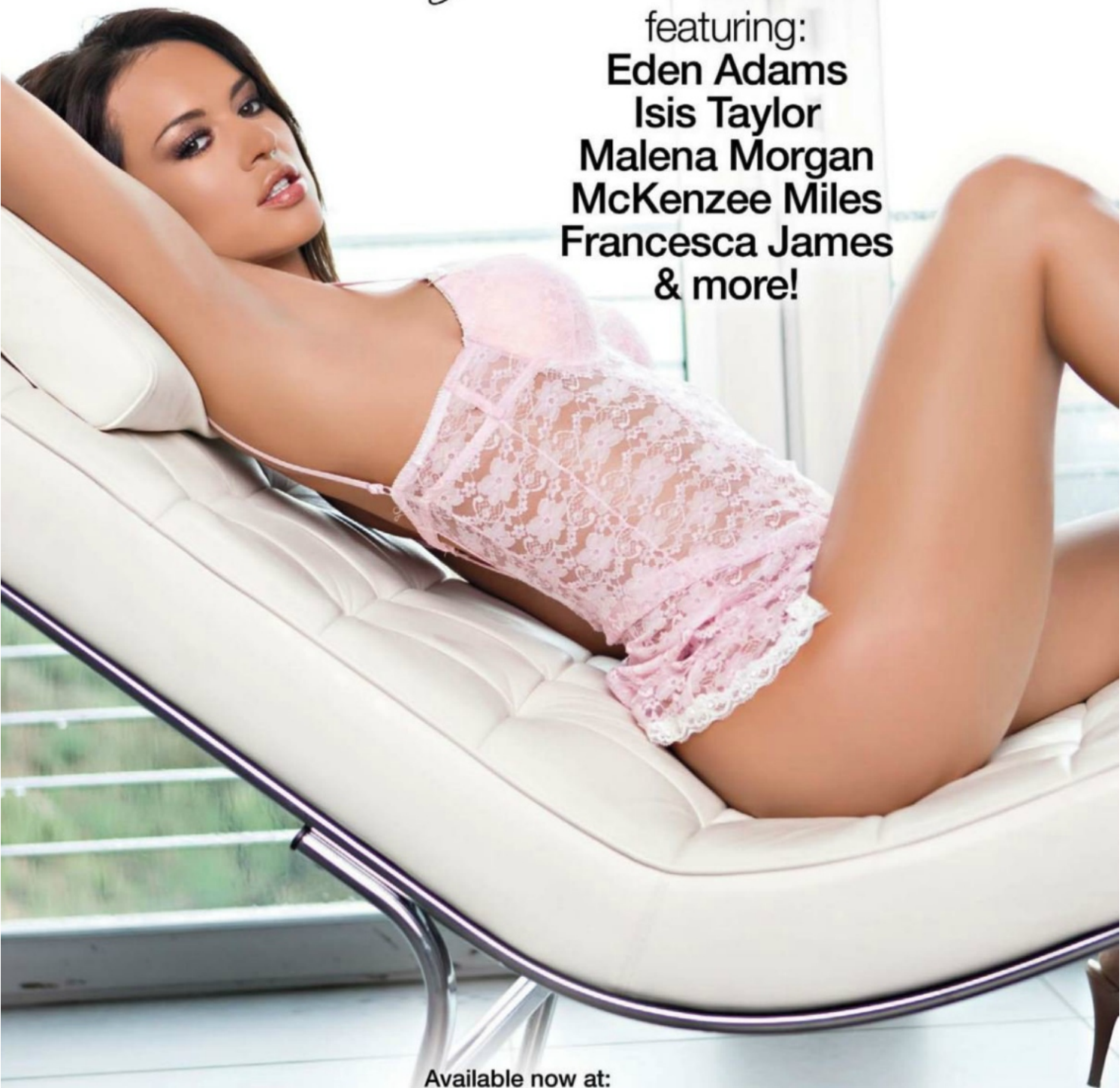
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PARTY ANIMAL

We spoke to Ted, star of the hit comedy of the same name from *Family Guy* creator Seth MacFarlane.

Ted unleashed his best stories of sex, drugs, and ...
more sex and drugs, from his unhinged upbringing as a child star.



TED Talks

We had a randy chat with the furry, foul-mouthed star of Seth MacFarlane's hit comedy *Ted*, out on Blu-ray this December.

In the movie, you discussed the, uh, special qualities of Boston women, but at the height of your fame, you must have experienced women from all over. So what can you tell us about girls from, say, Tennessee, or Minnesota, or New York City?

First of all, let me say for the record that I love the ladies from all 50 states, and that I have never had any trouble in the sack that could be tied in any way to geography. I'm a self-described "sexual hobo." Every summer I hop the rails and go around the country and have sex with ladies from all the states. It can get a little dangerous at times. In the summer of 2003, I got into a huge brawl with the King of the Sexual Hobos, Mickey Rourke. I won, and retained the royal title for three years, until Nick Nolte smashed my head in with a brakeman's lantern next to the interlocking tower in Des Plaines, Illinois.

There seems to be a history between you and Norah Jones. Can you elaborate?

We met backstage at the Grammys and really hit it off. She pretended I was her lover, and, well, I let her pretend. We basically had a series

of one-night stands—you know, we hooked up whenever she was in town. I gotta say, she could not keep her hands off me. We even wrote a song together. It was about her vagina, and it's called "You've Ruined Me."

Give us your best groupie story from your heyday.

Well, back in the nineties, there was this party at Bob Guccione's place. I met these twins—two identical hot blonde bikini models who were all revved up from Bob's steady flow of drugs and alcohol. They convinced me to dress up as a pirate and then videotaped us having wild sea-shanty-themed sex in a water bed, which I immediately popped with my pirate sword. Water was everywhere, but that didn't stop us from having the hottest, wettest sex ever. Those twins taught me things I never knew existed. It got so fuckin' nasty that the next day the EPA designated me as "medical waste," and I had to have one of them *Silkwood* showers.

Are any of your groupies furies?

You're a dick for asking that question.

Speaking of, your toy maker left you





with a glaring anatomical deficiency. How do you compensate for that in the sack?

Since I was originally intended to be a toy, I was not sent out into the world with all of the necessary equipment I would one day need. I have written letters, but they seem to be a little gunshy about giving me a long-overdue upgrade. My guess is, they don't want to see the tabloids run a headline like BELOVED TOY MAKER RECALLS TALKING BEAR TO ADD FULLY FUNCTIONAL PENIS.

I enjoyed the names your weed guy had for his best stuff: "Mind Rape," "Gorilla Panic," and "They're coming! They're coming!" Does he have any new ones for 2013?

Yes. "Call Mom!," "Strangled Ottoman," "Castle Atrocity," "Mountaintop Fistfight," "Cannibal Tango," "Japanese Landrace," "Nerd Murder," "Bipolar Wizard," "Quarterback's Boyfriend," "Tracheotomy Exhale."

In the history of toys coming to life—from Chucky to the ventriloquist's dummy in *Magic*—you've gotta be the most well-adjusted. It's like you, and the Indian in the Cupboard. The rest are completely psychotic. How do you account for that?

Well, speaking as a former toy, the real world is a pretty fucked-up place. A toy is not prepared for the real world. Toys have no nuance, no subtlety. They're just toys. Humans, however, are fairly unhappy creatures who have emotional issues that are held in check by a pretty thin set of rules. To suddenly be given all of that at once is overwhelming. Now, I was lucky. I had John. We grew up together, looked out for each other. You know, Thunder Buddies. Chucky was not so fortunate. Turns out Charles Lee Ray was not the best buddy. And as for that Indian in the Cupboard ... I don't even know where to begin.

Did you have a body double for the film, or did you do all your own stunts?

That is all me. Every punch, every fall,

that's all me. MacFarlane wouldn't have it any other way, the bastard. We shot the fight scene in the hotel so many times I really thought I had a concussion. Turns out I was just extra fucked-up from having three concussions.... Oh, fuck!

Were there any funny beer names that had to hit the cutting-room floor? Maybe a Leelee Sobroweski? A Greg Brewzinski?

No beer ever hit the floor on my watch. It all went into my mouth and down the hatch. "No Beer Left Behind" has always been my motto.

What the hell happened to the Red Sox last year?

Fuck if I know. I think Betty White could've outthit them. Maybe next year. Maybe next year....

You met Johnny Carson. I'm assuming you met Leno and Letterman at some point, too. Who was the coolest?

Carson gave me great advice when I met him. He said, "Don't sit too close to Ed when we panel. He's pretty drunk, and he might accidentally sit on you and crush you to death." Letterman's cool. Leno came back, so there's that. But the coolest? Definitely Jimmy Kimmel. I connect with him on a deeper, more personal level. And I think we have the same dealer.


What kind of DVD extras are on the *Ted* disc? Does *Ted* do commentary? How bout Tami-Lynn?

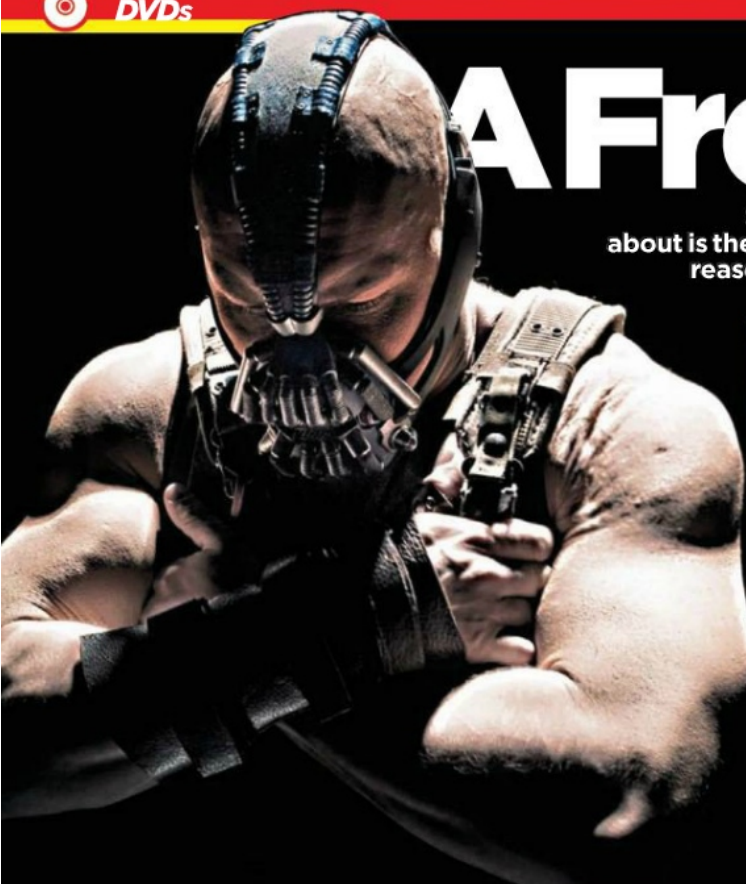
First of all, it is an *unrated, extended* edition. Yup, that'll do it right there. There are also outtakes, commentary, deleted/extended scenes, even more Tami-Lynn ... and a whole lot of me.

How did you hit upon your revelation about Garfield's eyes?

Nerd Murder.

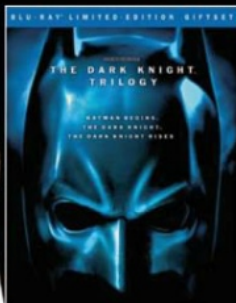
What exactly is the Dirty Fozzy?

I promised Norah the secret dies with me. But I will say she can hit those high notes a little easier now, thanks to that. 



A Fresh Start

Sure, it's a new year, but the only resolution we care about is the picture quality on our HDTV. We found some great reasons to kick off 2013 from the comfort of your couch.



The Dark Knight Trilogy

The Caped Crusader took an eight-year hiatus after the shit show that was *Batman & Robin*. Several ideas for a fifth installment were conceived and abandoned, until Christopher Nolan stepped up to the plate with his realistic, character-driven *Batman Begins* in 2005. Since then, his epic trilogy has racked up more than \$2.4 billion worldwide, and nine Oscar nominations. *The Dark Knight Trilogy* limited-edition gift set includes the films, a premium book, and a boatload of extras. If you already own the first two movies, grab a *Dark Knight Rises* Blu-ray combo pack—with or without limited-edition bat-cowl packaging!—which includes a Batmobile documentary and featurettes on the trilogy's production.



The Bourne Legacy



Can you do *Bourne* without Bourne? That was the billion-dollar question after Matt Damon decided not to reprise his role as Jason Bourne. Instead, Jeremy Renner plays Aaron Cross, a black-ops agent whose top-secret operations are exposed, thanks to the events of *The Bourne Ultimatum*. (In other words, it's not so much a sequel as a parallel story.) While it's hard to live up to the original trilogy, this is still a damn good spy thriller—and the intense action sequences are well served by the Blu-ray's high-definition picture and 7.1 surround sound. The extensive extras include making-of footage, commentary, deleted scenes, and featurettes on the franchise's new direction.



Total Recall



In this 2012 remake, Colin Farrell stars as Douglas Quaid, a factory worker who decides to take a mental vacation—literally—via a company that implants artificial memories. Instead, he finds out he's actually a secret agent being hunted by the police. The sci-fi classic isn't quite the same without *Ahh-nuld*—but the remake has Jessica Biel and Kate Beckinsale, so how can we complain? The combo pack includes Blu-ray and standard DVDs, as well as director commentary, a gag reel, and featurettes about the killer special effects.



Sleepwalk With Me

In 2008 comedian Mike Birbiglia built a wildly successful one-man off-Broadway show around the mother of all sleepwalking stories—the time he accidentally leapt out of the second-story window of his room at a La Quinta Inn. Birbiglia has REM sleep behavior disorder, and the movie is a kind-fictionalized, kinda-dramatized story of a struggling comedian whose sleepwalking disorder (sound familiar yet?) worsens as his career anxiety grows and his relationship falls apart. The movie was an instant hit on the festival circuit, but thanks to its very limited showing, this might be your first chance to see it. No word on the extras yet, but we're expecting some info on the real-life sleepwalking stories that inspired it all.



Mission: Impossible—The Complete Television Collection



It's been a year since Simon Pegg hinted that a fifth *M:I* movie might be in the works, and we still haven't heard anything concrete. For now, we can fill the void with this 56-disc standard-DVD

collection—should you choose to accept it, of course. It includes all original seven seasons (as well as the two from the late-eighties remake), along with behind-the-scenes featurettes, previously unreleased interviews, old-school promos, and a photo montage. Even the box—which is shaped like a stick of dynamite—is badass. Jim Phelps would approve.



Collision Earth

"Bad asteroid movie" is redundant, so that means "bad made-for-TV asteroid movie" should be so bad it's good—right? In this Syfy Saturday Original Movie, the sun goes haywire and sends Mercury hurtling toward Earth. (Okay, so maybe it's not *technically* an asteroid. Can a planet be an asteroid? We should've paid more attention in middle-school science class.) *Fringe*'s Kirk Acevedo stars as the disgraced scientist whose failed military project might actually save the world from obliteration. You won't grow any brain cells while watching it, but it's good, campy fun. Oh, and *Lovelace*'s Diane Farr costars.



Funny or Die Presents: Season Two

Will Ferrell and Adam McKay founded their comedy-video site, FunnyOrDie.com, on a simple-but-genius premise: Viewers rate whether a sketch is funny or not, and the lowest-rated ones are sent to the crypt. The site has managed to keep a rag-tag vibe despite having enough pull to convince Kate Beckinsale to make a political ad about her vagina, and Justin Bieber to babble incoherently in the spoof "Bieber After the Dentist." The TV version was born after HBO invested in the website, and the second-season DVDs include a fresh batch of absurdist sketches with the usual laundry list of cameos: Kristen Wiig, John C. Reilly, and Rachel Dratch, among others. **A-**



A DISH SERVED HOT

Quentin Tarantino's high-octane revenge flick, *Django Unchained*, hits theaters on Christmas Day.



Django Unchained

Jamie Foxx, Leonardo DiCaprio, Christoph Waltz

Quentin Tarantino is a genre unto himself: His movies exist in the QT-verse, where villains mount razor-sharp soliloquies and pop songs unspool over blood-soaked imagery. *Pulp Fiction*, surprisingly enough, seems relatively restrained by this stage of the director's oeuvre. He hasn't looked back since the plasma-drenched *Kill Bill* flicks and *Inglourious Basterds*, and his latest helping of revenge-movie manna is a tribute to his favorite filmmaker, Sergio Leone. He dubs the flick a "spaghetti Southern," and it stars Foxx as a former slave turned bounty hunter, hot on the trail of his captured wife and some vicious slave owners. Let the geeks sort out all the references to classic Westerns, from John Ford to Sam Peckinpah; Tarantino never forgets to lure the rest of us with smart scripts and slamming action sequences. He also provokes tangy performances from his A-list casts. After so much high-fiber Oscar bait, who wouldn't like a little barbecue?

**This Is 40**

Paul Rudd, Leslie Mann, Melissa McCarthy, Megan Fox

It feels like a century since Seth Rogen floundered his way into bed with Katherine Heigl in 2007's *Knocked Up*, but writer-producer Judd Apatow is still on top, having fully changed the game of the American sex comedy (and done wonders for schlubby, chubby leading men). This semi-sequel—spinning off Rudd and Mann's married-with-children duo—tackles the grown-up premise of maintaining a romantic spark, post-kids. Three additions to the story should live up to the proceedings: *Bridesmaids*' McCarthy as a hilariously aggrieved fellow parent, *Girls*' Lena Dunham in an unspecified role, and Fox as a sexpot more delicious than the cupcakes Rudd's character continually inhales during the flick.

**The Hobbit: An Unexpected Journey**
Ian McKellen, Martin Freeman, Cate Blanchett

How unexpected can it really be? *Lord of the Rings* director Peter Jackson tackles the prequel to that trilogy, with the dignified McKellen back as Gandalf, and thousands of Kiwi computer programmers kicking off J.R.R. Tolkien's landmark fantasy novel in the first of an expected three films. We're there for the sheer escapist spectacle of it all (*The Hobbit* is actually a better piece of storytelling than *Rings*), but two new elements have us particularly stoked: As the young Bilbo Baggins, the stellar English actor Freeman (*The Office*, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*) should bring loads of wit and wry exhaustion to the central role. Plus, there's Smaug, a talking dragon with a destructive streak. Watch out, Gollum, there's a new villain in town.

REVIEW**Not Fade Away**

James Gandolfini, Bella Heathcote, John Magaro, Jack Huston

For his first post-*Sopranos* project, writer-director David Chase returns to his roots, telling a largely autobiographical story about some high school pals who are "starting a band like the Stones," in mid-sixties suburban New Jersey. The British Invasion-era Beatles and Stones tunes sound as alive as ever, and the movie expertly captures their impact on the cozy suburbs of America. Anyone who's ever roughed out songs in a noisy garage will appreciate the scenes of the local band on the rise, and the clashes between Gandolfini's fed-up dad and his rocker son are played for affectionate laughs. (Dad: "Look at him: High heels." Son: "They're Cuban heels.") Meanwhile, the fresh-faced Heathcote shows her muselike magic from the sidelines. Chase's smartly observed gem is one of the year's nicest surprises.

**Zero Dark Thirty**

Chris Pratt, Jessica Chastain, Joel Edgerton

"Where was the last time you saw bin Laden?" a CIA interrogator barks (twice, if you don't catch it the first time) in the trailer for this controversial tell-all about the Navy SEAL raid that took out the terrorist. If we had to answer that question, we'd say on television, in May 2011, when news of his death came down. The subsequent varying accounts of the details of the raid muddled the picture somewhat, but the news was a huge relief in any case. Will moviegoers want to relive the decade-long manhunt that led up to it? Hard to say, but we wouldn't bet against the experts behind this dramatization, director Kathryn Bigelow and screenwriter Mark Boal, both of whom won Oscars for *The Hurt Locker*. **C+**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (D, UNCHAINED) ANDREW COOPER/IMPSP/THE WEINSTEIN COMPANY, (THIS IS 40) SUZANNE KAVNER/UNIVERSAL PICTURES, (THE HOBBIT) COURTESY OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES, (NOT FADE AWAY) PARRY WETTER, (ZERO DARK THIRTY) COURTESY OF COLUMBIA PICTURES

PlayStation All-Stars Battle Royale

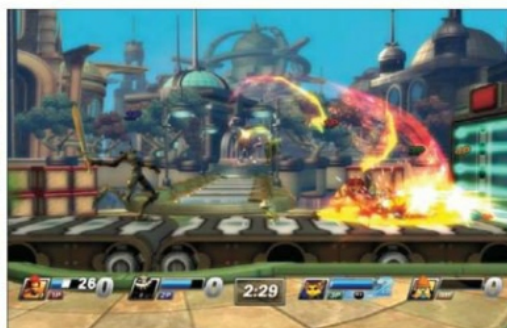


SONY (PS3, VITA)

It's a whammy of a what-if scenario: Who would win if Nathan Drake from *Uncharted* picked a brawl with a *BioShock* Big Daddy? What if *God of War*'s Kratos and Raiden from *Metal Gear Solid* joined the tussle? Okay, maybe most Sony fanboys don't lie awake at night wondering who'd wallop whom if their favorite franchise mascots mixed it up, but this stands on its own merits as a fun fighting game, more akin to Nintendo's party-starting *Super Smash Bros.* than the gory glory of *Mortal Kombat*.

The roster here lives up to the "all-stars" moniker. Aside from the four aforementioned frontmen, it includes a mega-mix of serious and silly Sony characters, including Sweet Tooth (*Twisted Metal*), Dante (*Devil May Cry*), Nariko (*Heavenly Sword*), Heihachi Mishima (*Tekken*), and Parappa the rapping spaniel. Lesser-known camp followers fill out the ranks in sidekick roles. As in the *Super Smash* games, four players choose their heroes and fight simultaneously in levels themed after various games, complete with power-ups pulled from across the PlayStation universe.

Despite the chaotic action and effects designed for the Ritalin generation, gameplay here is simple. Each character has two basic attacks—light and heavy. Landing hits fills a meter that unlocks a unique superattack, such as Sweet Tooth's sticky explosives and Kratos's smiting Blade of Olympus. The console and handheld versions are identical; buying one, in fact, gets you the second version for free. Players on either system can use "Cross-Play" to challenge one another or continue the battle on the road.



CALL OF DUTY: BLACK OPS II

ACTIVISION (XBOX 360, PS3, PC, Wii U)

This offshoot installment in the gung-ho shooter series delivers a dual payload of serious global warfare and goofy zombie combat. Players deploy on historical Cold War missions set in 1980s Afghanistan, the Soviet Union, and Central America before fast-forwarding to 2025, when the arsenal expands to include drones, robots, and ray guns. Gamers who'd rather skip the historical hooey can jump right to the fan-favorite zombie modes, revamped from the prequel to include survival in an overrun city complete with working bus routes. Multiplayer team combat is also enlivened with undead foes that wander the battlefield. Smart players will use these zombie hordes strategically, leading them to the other team's base for dinner.

**MIDWAY ARCADE ORIGINS**

WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE (XBOX 360, PS3)

This totally rad compilation will result in nostalgia overload for anyone whose parents relied on pizza parlors for day care in the eighties, re-creating more than 30 coin-op classics from defunct arcade juggernaut Midway. The roster includes quarter-munchers *Smash TV*, *Gauntlet*, *Marble Madness*, and *Rampage*, plus lesser-known titles like *Joust 2* and *Spy Hunter 2*. (Gimmicky stinkers like *Pit-Fighter* provide novelty value.) They're all faithfully reproduced, down to the last pixel, and enhanced with support for online co-op play and high-score rankings. At just a buck per game, this \$30 compilation is a bargain blast from the past. All that's missing are pizza-grease-smeared controls and a stoner arcade attendant.

**RAVAGED**

2 DAWN GAMES (PC)

Crowd-funding site Kickstarter.com has become the primordial ooze for indie games that otherwise wouldn't fly with major publishers. Case in point: *Ravaged*, a multiplayer shooter set on Earth after a catastrophic switcheroo in the magnetic poles. Frozen cities and dried-out seafloors serve as sprawling battlefields for engagements of up to 64 players. The game doesn't waste time with narrative preamble. You simply choose between two factions (the civilization-clinging Resistance or the anarchistic Scavengers), then pick one of five unique classes and have at it. A fun-to-pilot array of postapocalyptic vehicles adds *Mad Max* flavor to the *Battlefield* formula, and bonuses for good driving encourage practice behind the wheel.



Augmented-Reality Check

The real world is the next level.**MONSTAR TRUCK**

OUTPLAY MEDIA (IPHONE, iPad, IPOD TOUCH)

This racing game uses your device's camera to turn your living room into an off-road course complete with ramps, nitro boosts, and trails of virtual rubber on the hardwood floor.

**SPHERO**

ORBOTIX (IPHONE, iPad, IPOD TOUCH, ANDROID DEVICES)

Use your smartphone or tablet to whack this robotic orb on a virtual putting green, or race it through obstacle courses. Some games switch things up and use the ball as a controller.

**AR.DRONE 2.0**

PARROT (IPHONE, iPad, IPOD TOUCH, ANDROID DEVICES)

Free gaming apps for this pioneering augmented-reality quadcopter turn your backyard into a combat zone for dogfights, bombing runs, and search-and-rescue missions.



REVIEWS



ROOTS ROCK REGGAE

A new box set charts the rich history of Jamaican music, from 1959 to today, from ska to dancehall.



Various Artists
Reggae Golden Jubilee: Origins of Jamaican Music
 VP Records
 ★★★

For an island nation with a population roughly one-third the size of New York City's, Jamaica sure punches above its weight when it comes to musical contributions to world culture. This four-disc box set, timed to the country's 50th year of independence and curated by former music exec and Jamaican Prime Minister Edward Seaga, is ample proof of that. The first disc alone is worth the price of the set, kicking off with Theophilus Beckford's Fats Domino-esque "Easy Snapping"

and zipping through a string of impossibly tuneful tracks, marking the births of ska, rocksteady, and reggae. The 100-song collection also traces the rise of dub, deejay, and dancehall, and includes such gems as the Paragons' "The Tide Is High" (later a U.S. hit for Blondie), Eric Donaldson's "Cherry Oh Baby" (subsequently covered by the Rolling Stones and UB40), and Toots and the Maytals' "54-46 Was My Number." An *irie* holiday gift for the music lover in your life.



Big Dipper
Crashes on the Platinum Planet
 Almost Ready Records
 ★★★

Boston quartet Big Dipper was hardly the first late-1980s indie band to get picked up by a major label only to be quickly discarded, worse off than when they signed. But they were one of the best (and nerdiest) to undergo that unseemly process. A favorite of Guided by Voices frontman Robert Pollard, Big Dipper combined dreamy harmonies with jagged guitars over three albums before being jettisoned by Epic Records following their 1990 major-label debut, *Slam*. In 2008, Merge Records released a three-disc retrospective of their career, spawning a reunion tour that went so well it inspired the band to give it another go. *Crashes* is the result, and it finds Dipper's dual-guitar weave intact, underlying hooky melodies and smart lyrics. Standout tracks "Princess Warrior," "Pitbull Cruiser, Blue," and "New Machine" rank with the best stuff of their prime.



ELVIS
Elvis Presley
Prince From Another Planet,
as Recorded Live at Madison
Square Garden, June 1972
 RCA/Legacy
 ★★½

Elvis completists will perk up at the description of this box set, which includes, in addition to two CDs from the King's historic 1972 concerts at Madison Square Garden, a DVD of previously unseen footage from one of the shows. There's one problem with that footage, though: It's not continuous. The King—resplendent in a sky-blue, jewel-embroidered suit and cape—is only intermittently visible between bouts of total darkness. But the clips do capture some endearingly goofy kung-fu kicks from the iconic performer, and the CDs are solid components of the Elvis legend. He and his TCB band run through a breezy set that includes "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'," "Heartbreak Hotel," and "Suspicious Minds," among other classics.

PREVIEW



Bad Brains
Into the Future
 Megaforce Records

D.C. hardcore legends Bad Brains have endured so many twists, turns, and personnel rotations in their 30-odd years as a band, it's a wonder they're still in the game. Almost as wondrous is the fact that this, their ninth album, aims for the ferocious standard they set with 1982's *Bad Brains* and '83's *Rock for Light*—and damn near meets it. The velocity and power of genre-defining songs like "Pay to Cum" may never be matched, but the new record's "Suck Sess" and "Come Down" come close, while "RubADub Love" and "Make a Joyful Noise" expand the band's tradition of including accomplished reggae tracks on each record. The singular Bad Brains equation sails on.

HIDDEN TREASURE

Four great acts that should have been bigger.



Band: the Saints

Years Active: 1974—
Style: Stooges-influenced punk rock from Down Under.

Brush With Mainstream Success: They are beloved in Australia, and members of that nation's music Hall of Fame, but their international popularity lagged behind their influence.

Testify!: "They were kind of godlike to me and my colleagues. They were just always so much better than everyone else."—Nick Cave
Song You Should YouTube Right Now: "(I'm) Stranded"



Band: the Feelies

Years Active: 1976-92; 2008—
Style: Taut, tense, and hypnotic jangle-punk. The geeky quartet staked out territory in the Velvet Underground/Talking Heads wing of the rock world, but they made it *their* territory.

Brush With Mainstream Success: Universal critical acclaim; a role in Jonathan Demme's 1986 film *Something Wild*.

Testify!: "Magicians of the minimal."—*The New Yorker*
Song You Should YouTube Right Now: "Crazy Rhythms"



Band: Gang Starr

Years Active: 1985-2006
Style: Old-school, jazz-tinged hip-hop, with the late Guru's blade-sharp rhymes and understated yet forceful voice.

Brush With Mainstream Success: Their 1998 album *Moment of Truth* sold 500,000 copies.

Testify!: "Step in the Arena and Daily Operation laid down the law for East Coast hip-hop back in '91 and '92."—Pitchfork

Song You Should YouTube Right Now: "Work"



Band: Hey Mercedes

Years Active: 1999-2005
Style: You say emo, we say post-punk: angular, percussive guitar rock.

Brush With Mainstream Success: None whatsoever. These guys are a *really* hidden treasure.

Testify!: "Fantastic collections of smart, nuanced post-punk with lots of poppy hooks."—*The Onion* AV Club

Song You Should YouTube Right Now: "Eleven to Your Seven"

ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAINED?

Elvis Presley's historic 1972 stand at Madison Square Garden was a landmark event for the World's Most Famous Arena. Here are five other milestone MSG shows.

Artist, Year: Led Zeppelin, 1973

Highlight(s): Rip-roaring version of "Rock and Roll" to start, and a tight, mid-set one-two-three of "Black Dog," "Over the Hills and Far Away," and "Misty Mountain Hop."

Aftermath: Zeppelin continued to rule hard rock, of course, and this three-night stand at the Garden would be made into the concert film *The Song Remains the Same*.

Artists, Year: Various, Concert for Bangladesh, 1971

Highlight(s): Coming on after a rousing set by George Harrison, Eric Clapton, and Leon Russell (not to mention openers Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan), Bob Dylan wowed fans and critics alike with a five-song performance for the ages.

Aftermath: The first blockbuster benefit of its kind, the show raised \$250,000 for war-torn, hurricane-damaged Bangladesh. "In one day," said Shankar (who is Norah Jones's father, by the way), "the whole world knew the name of Bangladesh. It was a fantastic occasion."

Artists, Year: Jay-Z, Kanye West, 2011

Highlight(s): Three different versions of "N***** in Paris," the most audacious one saved for the encore. Well, that, and Kanye's leather kilt.

Aftermath: The two titans of hip-hop didn't hurt their standing with this blockbuster show, which mixed many moods into a 50-song set list, including reflective ones, as West lamented his late mother, and Jay-Z talked of impending fatherhood. His first child was born the following July.

Artists, Year: Various, Concert for New York City, 2001

Highlight(s): Following a star-studded lineup of musicians, politicians, comedians, and actors, the Who unleashed an impassioned medley of "Who Are You," "Baba O'Riley," "Behind Blue Eyes," and "Won't Get Fooled Again." Also: Adam Sandler's "Opera Man" was funny.

Aftermath: The show raised more than \$30 million for the Robin Hood Relief Fund, which used the proceeds to help the families of the victims of the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center.

Artist, Year: White Stripes, 2007

Highlight(s): The simple, unexpected fact that a drums-and-guitar duo absolutely filled the cavernous arena—both with fans, and glorious noise. Also: Jack White scanning the venue and saying, "I don't believe we've played this bar before."

Aftermath: One week later, the White Stripes would play what turned out to be their final show, in Southaven, Mississippi. Much to Jack White's dismay, drummer Meg White called it quits on the project in early 2011. 



HOOK UP

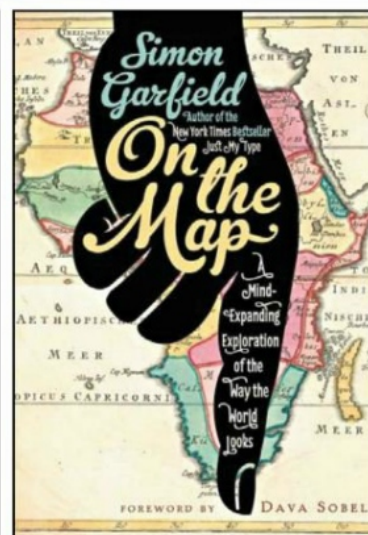
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MAP QUEST

A new book charts the story of maps, and how they've shaped and reshaped our lives.



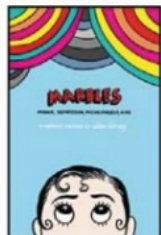
On the Map: A Mind-Expanding Exploration of the Way the World Looks
By Simon Garfield
Gotham Books

Nowadays, if you think about maps, you probably think about Google Maps or another electronic format, and that's a shame, because hard-copy maps have a long and rich history. Garfield's new book details the evolution of cartography and why maps play such a vital role in our lives. "Maps began as a challenge of the imagination," Garfield writes, and his reverence for the form shines through vividly. Describing a 1610 map of Manna-hata (now Manhattan), he likens the spreading of the grid system to a "supersized waffle." He reminds us at every turn that maps are as much about people—whether they mark areas of high crime rates, or are imbued with their designers' idiosyncrasies—as they are about locations and landmarks.

Marbles: Mania, Depression, Michelangelo & Me

By Ellen Forney

Gotham Trade Paperback

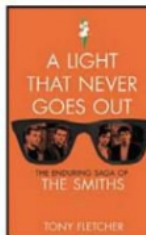


Blindsided by a diagnosis of bipolar disorder as she approached the age of 30, Forney, a cartoonist from Seattle, progressed from denial to begrudging acceptance to regular medication. In this graphic memoir, she recounts her journey with humor and dramatic verve. She probes the trope of the "crazy artist," investigating the role of mental illness in the work of artists such as Vincent van Gogh and Georgia O'Keeffe. She also combs her family history, comes out about being mentally ill, and continually reassesses whether being "crazy" is a driving or a debilitating force. Forney takes a dark subject and brings it into the light, proving that meds and mental disorder don't have to bring about the death of creativity.

A Light That Never Goes Out: The Enduring Saga of the Smiths

By Tony Fletcher

Crown Archetype



The "never goes out" part of this title surely applies to its massive length (680 pages) as much as to the subjects' lasting mark on the music world. Yet hard-core Smiths fans will probably eat up every chatty word of this extremely detailed musical history. We learn about the provenance of guitarist Johnny Marr and singer Morrissey's friendship, and the meanings behind songs and lyrics, and get a front-row seat for Morrissey's slide into media mania. The charismatic frontman once called Band Aid "diabolical," and he had a habit of making enemies left and right. While casual music fans may balk at the doorstep-heft of the tome, die-hard fans will delight in all the behind-the-scenes nitty-gritty. **OTW**

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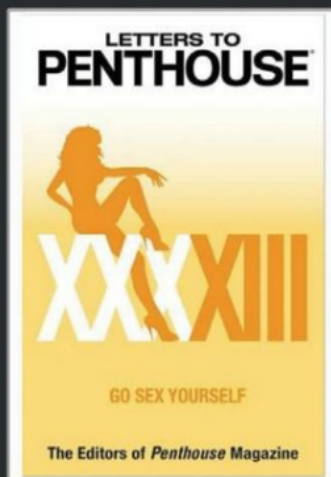
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Street Legal

Built for the rigors of the track, Nissan's GT-R is a hard-core, high-performance car with all the amenities.



THE UNEXPECTED EXOTIC

Think it's all Versas and Sentras? Nissan has a true supercar in its stable, too.

By Bill Heald

Racing and auto production have had a very critical relationship, as motor-sports competition can be the ultimate laboratory for developing all kinds of technologies. Even given the speed with which many of these advancements make it to market, wouldn't it be far more satisfying to just grab a race car off the track, head for the nastiest serpentine blacktop you can find, and savor the technology in its purist form? Of course, this isn't possible. Instead, how about an ultra-high-performance car designed for the uncompromising environment of the track, yet street legal and in possession of the latest gadgets and amenities? Porsche, Ferrari, Lamborghini—these names come to mind when you think about exotic racetrack refugees, but Nissan? The company makes trucks and family cars, right?

The GT-R is unlike any Nissan you've ever seen, unless of course you've been keeping track of the company's extensive racing history. This hard-core coupe is a genuine flagship performance car for a company that values engineering every bit as much as its exotic competition. Not only are the numbers impressive, but the company has managed to create a unique driving experience with its wicked-quick, all-wheel-drive sports machine. The GT-R is built on a race-based platform in that it values light weight above all else, and also strives to make the chassis balanced while cramming as much power under the hood as possible (and then exploiting every last bit of it). And power is plentiful, thanks to a twin-turbocharged 3.8-liter V-6 with 545 horsepower and an exhaust output that sounds like a Formula 1 car when you release the Kraken (or floor it). The engine is mounted rearward in the engine compartment, and the six-speed dual-clutch transmission is mounted even further back (along with the all-wheel-drive transfer case and Final Drive) in true transaxle fashion in what Nissan calls a Premium Midship design. The ultrasophisticated black boxes offer numerous modes to tune engine and transmission output to road

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Front/mid-engine, two-door coupe
Engine	Turbocharged V-6
Power	545 horsepower
Torque	463 foot-pounds
Transmission	Dual-clutch sequential six speed
Front tires	255/40ZR20
Rear tires	285/35ZR20
Curb weight	3,818 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	3 seconds
Top speed	196 mph
Fuel	19.5 gallons
EPA mpg	16 city/23 highway
Price	\$106,320; as tested: \$107,600




conditions, and they are extensively driver-adjustable to tailor this high-tech beast to your desires of the day.

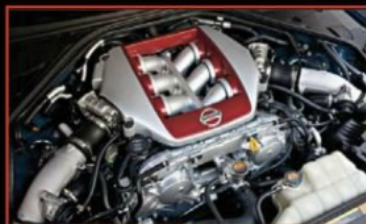
All this meticulous architectural detail is of tremendous benefit to balance and control, but that doesn't preclude the fact that the GT-R can still rearrange your internal organs a bit under hard acceleration. It really is a cheetah out of the gate, but the power delivery is so uniform that you always have more on tap to pull you through a climbing, off-camber corner (and it's here where the AWD system makes so much glorious sense). Paddle shifters in manual mode make short work of selecting from the half-dozen well-chosen ratios in the gearbox, always delivered with crisp, immediate precision.

Also thankfully precise is the suspension, without which you would be screamingly fast, yes, but bound like a drunken gazelle into the weeds at the first hairpin curve. Nissan engineers created a six-point front and rear subframe structure to mount the independent-suspension elements, which works in concert with a Bilstein DampTronic driver-adjustable shock-absorber system. Even in the comfort setting the ride is pretty stiff, but it's never harsh to the point of annoyance, and the suspension is always firm enough to handle anything you throw at it. Steering is sharp, communicative, and oh-so-responsive, so you can direct the car with the kind of precision that allows uniform lap times on the track. Enormous

Brembo brakes are likewise a flawless addition to the car's exemplary performance capabilities.

Last but certainly not least is the cockpit, and our Black Edition's brilliant leather Recaro seats are downright seductive when it comes to tactile stimulation. Support is unwavering no matter what the car is doing, all while providing a comfortable perch, mile after mile.

While some of the switchgear in this car seems borrowed from the Altima, the total package makes it more than qualified to run with the gods of exotica and command a \$100K-plus price tag. Once experienced, the GT-R ensures you never look at the Nissan name the same way again. 





MIDDLE-WEIGHT MAGIC

Kawasaki's new ZX-6R Ninja's mission: Be the ultimate all-around sport bike.

By Bill Heald

Balance is everything in motorcycles, for obvious reasons. If the primary balance of a motorcycle is off it won't even stay upright, which is why you should never hang heavy tools on your ride like it's a fire truck. When it comes to the fine art of balancing a sport bike's qualities, Kawasaki has had success in the middleweight class by developing engineering strategies that deliver sporting performance and real-world civility. The new ZX-6R is the product of years of polished updates that are expressed in a totally fresh package, using everything the company has learned on the street and at the track to build the most broadly talented midsize Ninja yet.

Those with a lot of seat time on sporting motorcycles know that when you have a really hard-core, aggressive riding position that is ideal for the track, that same stance can be (literally) a pain on the road, especially over long distances. The aggressive, extreme-crouch position is designed to let the rider's body help every aspect of handling and braking, but gets a bit tedious if the machine ever leaves the paddock. Kawasaki's approach to its 636 Ninja has been to give it (for you car people out there) Porsche-like performance with Buick-like seating ergonomics, meaning the less contracted riding position is comfortable yet doesn't excessively compromise the bike's lap times at the track. And the ride you're sitting on is a rolling testament to Kawasaki's years of inline-four engine development, as well as its lightweight-chassis prowess taken to the next level. By increasing displacement over a standard 600, "low-mid-range torque is significantly stronger, and the engine's 'total area under the power curve' grows substantially when compared to the previous 600cc model," according to the company. "Increased performance throughout



the rpm range is always welcome when racing or sport riding, but increased low- and mid-range torque also significantly enhances everyday usability."

Narrow, light, and powerful, this engine gets a cassette-style six-speed transmission and the latest in rider-adjustable electronics, like a two-mode power-delivery selector (full and low) and a three-mode Kawasaki traction-control system



(one for track use, one for sporty street riding, and one for such low-traction situations as rain). Traction control can also be cancelled entirely should you so desire. These systems are more sophisticated than what is found on many more expensive, larger bikes, and further make this middleweight a significant advancement for the class. When you toss in the new alloy frame, fully adjustable suspension (the front forks are called BP-SFF units, for big-



piston, separate-function forks), and the latest in braking technology (ABS is available), you realize Kawasaki literally put its best kit into this hot, potent mount. The blade is sharp, but control is part of this Ninja's mastery of the riding experience. The icing on the cake is brilliant styling, so even when parked at a crowded hangout it will garner attention. When no detail is overlooked like this, you have the makings of one stellar motorcycle. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled inline-four
Bore x stroke	67mm x 45.1mm
Displacement	636 cc
Fuel system	Digital fuel injection with 38mm throttle bodies
Ignition	Transistor-controlled breakerless ignition with digital advance
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	41mm male slider BP-SFF forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single gas-charged shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 310mm petal rotors, radial calipers, optional ABS
Rear brake	Single 220mm petal rotor, optional ABS
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	4.5-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	54.9 inches
Seat height	32.7 inches
Curb weight	423.4 pounds; 427.8 pounds with ABS
Base price	\$11,699; \$12,699 with ABS





■ XBR-84X900 TV

Sony • \$25,000

Sony is focusing on the big picture in more ways than one with this 84-inch monster, the largest and highest-resolution smart TV in the company's history. Its 4K LED screen displays an unprecedented 3,840 by 2,160 resolution, four times sharper than 1080p. Granted, components capable of generating a 4K image don't really exist outside movie theaters and high-end digital cameras, which you can connect to see your photos in all their glory. Until cable boxes and game systems catch up, the TV compensates by upscaling any source image to 4K resolution. The set comes with two pairs of passive 3-D glasses (providing a 1080p image for each eye) and ten speakers that simulate 5.1 surround sound.

■ Galaxy Camera

Samsung • \$500

Point-and-shoot cameras have become pointless now that every smartphone can snap a decent photo. Into this product void comes a new line of "smart cameras." Powered by the Android Jelly Bean operating system, the Galaxy Camera features a 4.8-inch touch screen that runs a host of photo-editing and -enhancing apps, including voice-activation operation, slow-motion mode, and automatic settings for just about any subject matter (from waterfalls to nude models). Connectivity via Wi-Fi and 3G lets you upload photos to social-networking sites the moment you press the shutter button, or share them with other Galaxy devices nearby.



HAPPY NEW GEAR

Get 2K13 off to a smart start with seven ingenious gadgets.

By Crispin Boyer

■ Harmony Touch universal remote

Logitech • \$250

Most of today's smart TVs come with dumb remotes. The latest in Logitech's line of high-end universal controllers, however, boosts the collective IQ of your entire home-theater setup. It's compatible with more than 225,000 TVs and components, and features a 2.4-inch color touch screen that displays unique buttons based on the currently selected device (it can manage up to 15). The remote really shines while channel surfing. Create up to 50 custom channel icons so you can hop to your favorite stations without memorizing their numbers. An included charging station means you never have to worry about reaching for a dead remote.





■ ARIS wireless speakers for Windows

Aperion Audio • \$500

Apple aficionados have no shortage of wireless-speaker solutions for their devices, but such pickings are slim for the Windows camp. This set from audiophile-favorite Aperion Audio is one of the first speakers to use the DLNA protocol to stream music wirelessly from any Windows 7 or 8 device (be it a PC, laptop, or smartphone) on your home network. The 14.5-inch aluminum shell contains six speakers that deliver 100 watts of natural, bass-boosted, or enhanced stereo sound. A card slot lets you upgrade the chipset if network protocols change, making these speakers future-proof.



■ Surface

Microsoft • Starts at \$500

With the launch of Microsoft's Surface, the PC-versus-Apple war has mobilized to a new battlefield: tablets. While the iPad continues to offer style by the megaton, the Surface wins the battle when it comes to pure practicality. Its secret weapon is a pressure-sensitive keyboard that's just three millimeters thick and doubles as a cover for the 10.6-inch touch screen. A kickstand holds the tablet upright when you're using the keyboard and trackpad, and the Windows 8 operating system is familiar territory for anyone used to working on a PC. A conventional USB port and microSD card slot, meanwhile, offer easy expandability, compared to Apple's proprietary inputs.



■ XD Sport iPhone case

Optrix • \$100

Trying to shoot video with your iPhone while doing anything outdoors is a good way to smash your device—and possibly your wrist, if you spend too long fiddling with the screen. The polycarbonate XD Sport case not only protects your iPhone from snow splashes and high-speed crashes, it also comes with a helmet mount for hands-free operation. A waterproof membrane lets you access your touch screen and run apps designed specifically for adventure. The phone-case combo rivals any stand-alone sports camera in quality, thanks to its wide-angle lens and the 1080p recording capabilities of the iPhone.

■ X headphones

Sony • \$300

Forget the tie-in with Simon Cowell and his pop-rockin' *Gong Show*, *X Factor*; these premium aluminum-framed headphones need no marketing gimmicks. Their 50mm drivers deliver astounding sound reproduction and bass performance that's both subtle and thumping. Tunes from any genre come across in magnificent isolation—you'd almost swear you're in the recording studio. The ear cushions swivel to form an acoustic seal without squeezing your head, and they fold even further for stowing in the included carrying case. The tangle-free cord features in-line iPhone controls and a phone mike, duplicating all the functions of Apple's disposable earbuds. 

Powder Players

Turn winter into a wonderland with this outdoor gear.

By Crispin Boyer



Phenomenon jacket

Spider • \$1,200

The Armani suit of winter-sports outerwear, Spider's Phenomenon jacket features top-of-the-line technology for maintaining warmth and managing moisture. Its stretchable, breathable fabric has the highest waterproof rating on the market, while a wool/polyester inner membrane holds and releases body heat based on the wearer's needs. The coat comes with a removable hood and powder skirt for days with blowing snow; armor plating integrated into the fabric protects against minor bumps. An avalanche-rescue sensor in the wrist provides peace of mind when you head off-piste.



ED01 Snow Watch

Dietrich • \$1,090

This sturdy and straightforward timepiece wears its design intentions right on its sleeve—or, rather, your sleeve. The elastic straps fit easily over bulky ski/snowboarding jackets, while its two-handed oversize face makes it easy to check the time during bombing runs down double black diamonds. What the watch lacks in frills it makes up for in durability (its case is anodized aluminum), water-resistance, and Swiss-made quartz precision. Fluorescent markers and hand tips enhance readability in foggy and dark conditions. Opt for the model with lime-green straps and pose on the chairlift like it's 1995.



Rove MIPS helmet

Scott • \$175

To paraphrase the classic slogan: "A mind is a terrible thing to waste ... on the side of an icy mountain." Preserving soft tissue is the whole point of this 2013 freestyle helmet, which incorporates a Swedish technology called MIPS (Multi-directional Impact Protection System) that mimics the fluid barrier of the human noggin. Unlike the padding in conventional helmets, MIPS protects against glancing oblique impacts, which are just as capable of causing brain damage as direct strikes. Even without this skull-saving technology, this is a feature-filled hard hat, offering lots of venting for hot days, a simple turn-crank fit system, and multiple goggle-retaining positions.

■ MC • 2 High-Performance ski boot

Apex • \$995

This boot for the bi-dexterous works with both skis and snowboards—and it's actually a good fit for both sports. The lightweight carbon-fiber chassis flexes like a standard hard-shell boot, offering excellent edge control and a natural foot position so you feel in touch with terra firma. Removing the chassis converts the MC • 2 into a snowboarding boot or walking shoe. Regardless of your sport, the Boa Focus closure system locks you in tight without putting your toes into a tingly coma. All these technical advances come with a high price tag, but what do you expect from a boot that does the unthinkable and brings skiers and snowboarders together?



■ Heat Touch Inferno gloves

Seirus • \$375

Adrenaline causes clammy palms during screaming downhill runs, and all that sweat turns to ice when the rush wears off. These heated gloves stave off frozen fingers so you can stay on the mountain longer. Imperceptibly thin rechargeable batteries in the wrists power thermal panels that heat the front and back of the hands, plus fingers and thumbs. Hold the power button near the index knuckle to cycle between the three heat settings. Battery life varies, but you'll get roughly six hours of 90-degree warmth. The gloves are also weatherproof and form-fitting, offering a second-skin feel for dexterity in case you feel the need to Tweet on the chairlift.



■ Hitmaker Snowboard

Launch • \$399

Although it technically passes for an all-mountain board for beginner and intermediate riders, it really just wants to play in the park. Its poplar-and-bamboo core is reinforced with carbon stringers that stiffen the center for stability at downhill speeds, and absorb the shock if you wuss out on a kicker and land hard. The board is available with camber for faster edge-to-edge response while speeding downhill, or without camber for easier jibs and buttering. Regardless of which model you choose, the Hitmaker will grab attention with its shades-sporting Founding Father—so you better put on a good show.



■ iON camera-equipped goggles

Zeal Optics • \$399

If the XD Sport iPhone case featured in the Tech section is the budget gizmo for documenting your downhill misadventures, then here's the big-money option. The iON goggles come with a high-def camera built right into the visor for the ultimate in look-and-shoot functionality. Oversize buttons on the frame make it easy to activate 1080p recording or snap eight-megapixel shots even when wearing bulky gloves, while an in-goggle viewfinder previews what you're shooting with the wide-angle lens. Infinity focus and automatic light adjustment make for perfect image quality in bedazzling sunshine or soupy fog. The rechargeable battery gives you six hours of run time; transfer the footage to your PC or Mac via USB (or the included microSD card) once you get off the mountain.

■ Dual Snowboards

Dual Snowboards • \$300

Sick of snowboarding? Bored of skiing? New to winter sports altogether? A company called Dual Snowboards has a completely different take on downhill gear. Think of its dual-stick design as a conventional snowboard hacked in two, or a pair of skis shortened. When strapped to your boots with conventional bindings, they ride like a cross between a snowboard and a skateboard. Their light weight makes for easier liftoffs, and each board's base provides enough traction for walking around the flats without unstrapping. For that reason alone, they make an ideal backyard winter toy. When you get to the bottom of the local hill, simply jog back to the top for another run.



Pornucopia

A girlfriend who's into porn sounds like a dream come true. Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to deal when the gift that keeps on giving fails to deliver for you.

Illustration by Celia Calle


My girlfriend and I were looking to add a new dimension to our sex life—not so much with the actual act of sex, but doing something different to get worked up. I suggested watching porn, because I think there's something sexy about watching other people fuck right before fucking. It's like checking out people's meals before ordering dinner at a restaurant. She admitted she'd never really watched porn. I grabbed my laptop, logged on to a certain magazine's hard-core site, and pulled up some of my favorite scenes. She got into it immediately, and sex right after was fucking mind-blowing. We did it again the next few times we screwed, but I got kind of bored when it became a new routine.

Fast-forward a few weeks: I come home to find her watching my porn on her iPad. I could tell she was ready to get herself off. I confronted her about it, along with the fact that for those few weeks we hadn't had much sex. She admitted that the first porn viewing "set off a trigger," and she can't stop watching, working herself into a lather, and finger-banging herself. How do I get back in the game?

Here's a scenario that's somewhat similar: A friend of mine loves golf. He'd play every day if his schedule and wallet would allow. He didn't get to hit the links as much as he wanted because he was often doing boring (yet sometimes necessary) relationship shit with his girlfriend. He came up with the brilliant (to him) idea of taking his girlfriend golfing with him. She loved it, but now, he can't play without her asking to join his foursome. Guess what? He fucking hates golf now.

Porn is your golf. You introduced her to something, she likes it, and now you've got to live with the consequences. Of course, you didn't know she'd go all teenage boy on you and fuck herself silly with the door locked for nine hours a day. That said, since you were looking to add something to your sex life, things were bound to change. It just happened to change for the worse.

Here is the real issue you're missing: Sex with you isn't great. You said from the start that you wanted to add a "new dimension," which is a fancy way of saying "shit's getting old." She probably feels the same way. The porn not only gets her off, but it's also a way of getting out of screwing you without being left horny. My advice is to get better at sex, or at least introduce new moves, locations, or insertion spots to the menu. Bang her so good she won't need to watch fuck flicks.

Or, you can change your password. 



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Go With the Flow

During the holidays, nothing says season's greetings like a personally selected bottle of cheer—or a select box of beer. By Deirdre Goldbeck



Whiskey Wise

Though the original distillery in County Westmeath, and **Kilbeggan Irish Whiskey** (750ml/\$24), have been around for more than 250 years, the whiskey has only recently joined the growing market of brown spirits in the United States. Distilled using pure water from the Brosna River, locally grown grains, and turf from area bogs, Kilbeggan offers a rich burst of flavor with a smooth malty finish any whiskey aficionado will appreciate.

XXX Shine White Whiskey (750ml/\$25) has an unforgettable tagline: "No sugar • No color • No wood—No bullshit." Produced in our City of Brotherly Love, this hooch is a blend of carefully selected American corn that's been triple distilled in copper pot stills. It goes down smooth, but it's unaged, 88.8 proof, and not for the faint of heart. It's capable of turning a boilermaker into a haymaker, but guys will love it.

Also new to the party is **Knob Creek Rye** (750ml/\$41). It's a handcrafted, small-batch whiskey from the producers of the high-quality bourbon of the same name. Meticulously selected rye and patient aging make this 100-proof whiskey a potent and special gift that'll leave quite an impression. Think boss.

Gin the London Way

The perfect gin Martini is only as good as the ingredients. **Broker's London Dry Gin** (750ml/\$20) should be at the top of your list. English wheat, herbs, spices, and fruit are distilled the traditional way to formulate this superpremium gin. The Martini lover in your life will get a kick out of the traditional bowler-style cap, which adds a bit of poshness to the presentation.





■ Grapes and Ale

With names like **Rolling Stones—Forty Licks** (a 2010 Merlot) and **Pink Floyd—The Dark Side of the Moon** (a 2008 cabernet sauvignon), you really can't go wrong. **Wines That Rock** is a collection of five wines that were inspired by classic tracks from some of the most iconic bands, and the 1969 music fest **Woodstock—3 Days of Peace & Music** (a 2010 Chardonnay). Turn the bottle around and you'll find a back label designed to look like the back of the album jacket, complete with liner notes. The rest of the set includes **The Police—Synchronicity** (a 2008 red-wine blend) and **Grateful Dead—Steal Your Face** (a 2010 red-wine blend). Each bottle retails for \$15, or can be purchased online in gift packs of three or more, starting at \$45 from WinesThatRock.com.

If she still hasn't let you forget the lameness of that box of drugstore chocolate you handed her last year, bring her a bottle of **ChocolatRouge Cream** (\$11). It's a combination of flavorful chocolate blended with Barbera wine that she can enjoy chilled or over ice, on its own or with dessert. There are two other varieties: Sweet Red—a blend of Pinot Noir, Malbec, Syrah, and chocolate—and Dark Red—a combination of Pinot Noir, Malbec, and the flavors of dark chocolate and black cherries.

Anyone can pick up a couple of six-packs from the corner store. This year, demonstrate your superior taste by showing up with the **Guinness Winter Selection Pack** (\$16), a collection that includes the limited holiday edition of Guinness Generous Ale—a full-bodied beer in the tradition of English Ale—along with Guinness Black Lager, Guinness Draught, and Guinness Foreign Extra Stout. Each box contains three 11.2-ounce bottles of each variety—enough to make everyone merry.





■ Rum Running

There are barrels of rum out there to choose from, and though it's tempting to reach for the usual suspects, shake things up with a bottle of Cognac Ferrand's newly released **Plantation 3 Stars** (one liter/\$25)—a blend of select rums from Barbados (unaged), Trinidad (three-year-old), and Jamaica (both unaged and 12-year-old). Cognac barrels come into play during the second aging process, resulting in a light, well-balanced blend of brown sugar, spices, and vanilla that's solid enough to hold its own in any Mojito.

On the dark side, **Appleton Estate Reserve's** (750ml/\$28) unique blend of 20 different Jamaican rums makes this an ideal spirit for both mixing and sipping. A proprietary yeast strain from sugar cane grown on the estate is meticulously distilled, then allowed to mature in handcrafted oak barrels. Its smooth yet complex taste will make it the new favorite of any rum lover.

For the person who's more of a sipper than a mixer, **Vizcaya VXOP Cask 21** (750ml/\$40) in its decanter-styled bottle is a splendid choice. It's made in the Dominican Republic from freshly pressed sugar-cane juice that is fermented and then aged in oak barrels previously used to house bourbon; the warm amber color and harmonious notes of sweet and spice will make anyone forget winter's chill. And the award-winning taste won't break your budget.

■ Tequila Rising

If you know a tequila lover, consider **Peligroso**. Tennessee white-oak whiskey barrels are used for aging—six to eight months for the Reposado, and 12 to 24 months for the Añejo. The Silver (750ml/\$43) is bottled in crystal-clear flint glass, the Reposado (750ml/\$50) in a rustic finished glass, and the Añejo (750ml/\$55) in opaque black glass. Each bottle is individually boxed, hand-corked, and numbered. As *peligroso* means dangerous, any one of these tequilas will suit the badass rebel on your list.

The smooth, refined taste of **Tequila Avión's Añejo** (750ml/\$60) is rich with hints of vanilla, caramel, coconut, and maple, along with botanicals and fruits. After distilling the tequila in small batches in stainless-steel pot stills, the brand uses a proprietary filtration process that takes approximately ten times longer than traditional methods. Need a last-minute stocking stuffer? The Avión Flight pack (\$10) contains 50ml bottles of Silver, Reposado, and Añejo, already boxed and ready to go.



■ Vodka, Clear and Crisp

The clean, spicy taste of **Ketel One Vodka** (750ml/\$23) can be enjoyed on the rocks or in a favorite cocktail. This wheat-based spirit from Holland owes its light, slightly peppery taste to the traditional copper-pot distillation process. Other Ketel One varieties include Citroen and Oranje. And here's a bit of trivia you can impart upon presenting your gift of Ketel One: The vodka is named after the original coal-fired Pot Still Number 1, aka Distilleerketel #1.

When it comes to vodka, grapes may not be the first thing that comes to mind, but **Ciroc** vodka (750ml/\$35) is made from Mauzac Blanc grapes, which thrive in the high-altitude vineyards in Gaillac, France. It's crafted using the same procedures as some of the top wine producers—cold maceration, fermentation, and storage—a practice that helps to preserve freshness and extract more flavor.

The Chill Factor

To ice or not to ice—that all depends on whether you're shaking up a cocktail or sipping a glass of the \$300-a-bottle whiskey from your secret stash. It's your call. By Deirdre Goldbeck



■ IN-BOTTLE WINE CHILLER

Corkcicle.com • \$25

Unless you have enough guests to share it, once you've opened a cold bottle of Chardonnay, it's only a matter of time before it loses its chill. Corkcicle helps maintain the temperature of already-chilled wine from within the bottle. Place the gel-filled icicle in the freezer, and when it's frozen, pour out one glass of wine from the bottle to make room, then insert Corkcicle into the bottle until the cork top is secure. For warm reds, Corkcicle works by reducing the temperature for optimum flavor. Corkcicle is PBA-free and nontoxic, and is available with a natural-cork stopper or six different color rubber stoppers.



■ WHISKEY STONES

SparqUSA.com • \$25

"On the rocks" doesn't mean you want your best single-malt watered down. Just place SPARQ's soapstone cubes in the freezer for four hours, then add them to your glass. They'll gently release the flavor of your spirit, and you'll enjoy the benefit of a cooled beverage without the diluting effects of melting ice. Three large stones will keep a two- to three-ounce drink chilled for 30 minutes or more. You can buy a box of eight large (1 1/4 inch) stones, or a box of assorted stones, three large and nine small (1 5/16 inch). They're nonporous, dishwasher-safe, and can also be used for wine. To keep coffee or tea hot, just microwave them for one minute. Treat yourself to a box of rocks.



■ CUBE TUBES

Quirky.com • \$20 for two tubes

If the size of your freezer reflects the size of your apartment, then most likely you barely have room for food, much less ice trays. Cube Tubes store vertically in your freezer without leaking. Fill the clear tube with water up to the fill-line, insert the divider, then seal the tube and stand it up in the freezer. To release the cubes, hit the pliable bottom on your countertop, then use the loop at the top to remove the divider. Cubes will drop out as they clear the tube. Each tube makes seven trapezoid-shaped cubes and is made from food-safe plastic. If only everything in your apartment stored this easily.



■ 360° COCKTAIL SHAKER

Oxo.com • \$30

When you want your cocktails shaken and not stirred, reach for this. The steel shaker's screw-top makes it easy to open and close, and the three inner silicone seals prevent leakage as you mix things up. To pour, just press the button. There's no spillage or unfortunate plops as your cocktail pours smoothly through the opening. Double-walled construction keeps your concoctions ice-cold inside, and the outside free of condensation. It holds 18 ounces and the lid is dishwasher-safe. You'll also appreciate the one-handed design. Go ahead and shake it—you won't break it.



■ ICE BUCKET AND TONGS

Oxo.com • \$50

This gallon-size steel bucket is double-walled, and has a grid at the bottom to keep cubes separate from melting ice. The flip-top lid is easy to open, closes securely, and is clear so you can see when your supply is running low. The tongs (those things that always end up on the floor) attach to pegs on the side, and have sharp teeth for retrieving ice. It's perfect for your non-beer drinking friends.



■ ICELESS & FLAVORLESS CHILLING SPHERES

SoireeHome.com • \$35

If rocks don't get you off, the Tilt stainless-steel ball might. Just pop the gel-filled two-inch sphere in the freezer for four to six hours, then add it to your drink. It's made from food-grade stainless steel, so whether you're sipping your favorite spirit or drinking a tall glass of iced tea, the taste won't be compromised. The ball is weighted at the bottom, so fishing it out of your glass is easy with the included hook. One box includes two spheres, two stands, and two hooks that can be used as garnishing sticks.

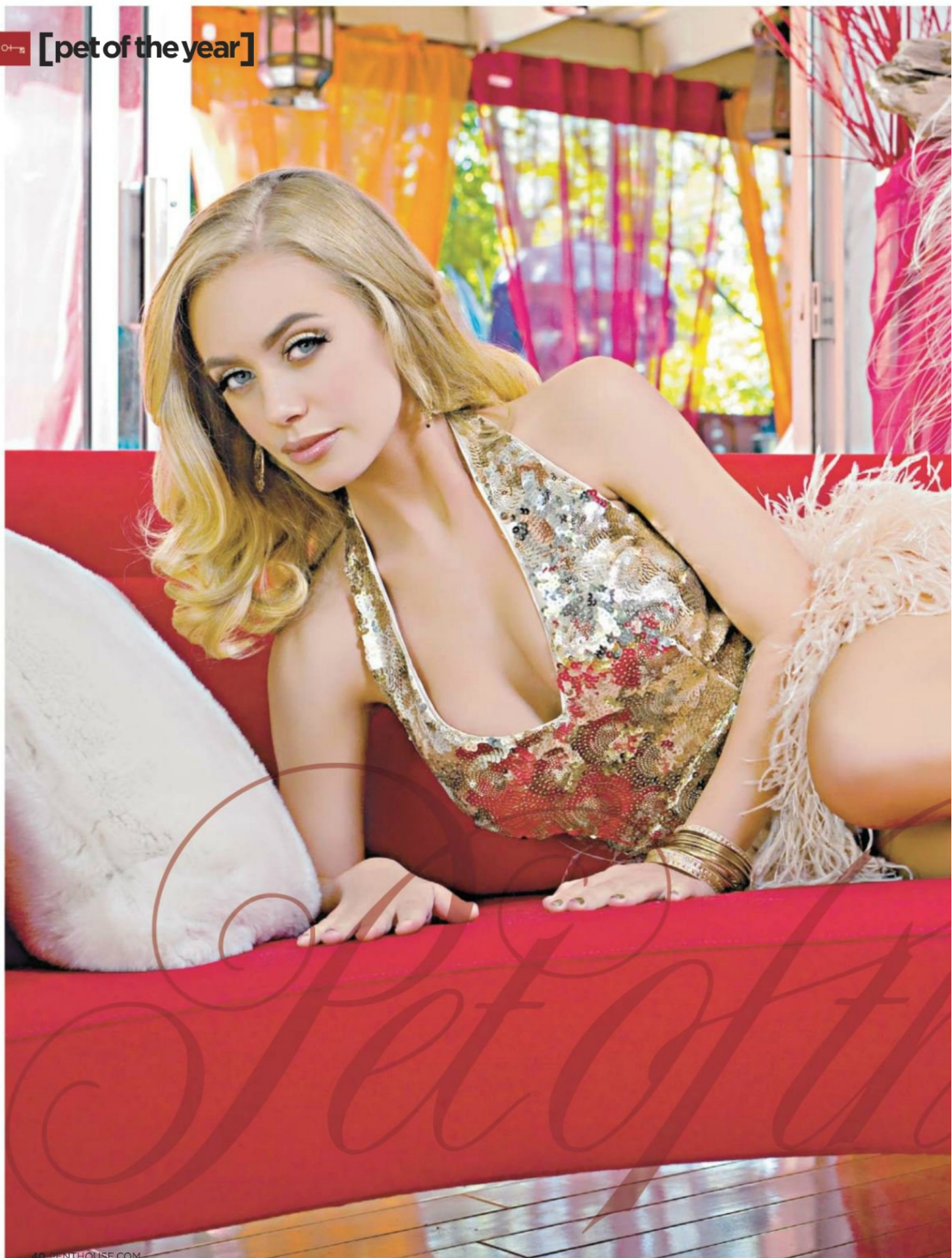
■ ROLLER ROCK GLASS

GreatGiftsForMen.com • \$21

This unique ice ball is one way to slow down the melting process. The Roller Rock set includes a flexible food-safe mold that will form a solid two-inch ice sphere, and a four-inch-tall rocks glass with a raised dimple in the bottom. When you rotate or tilt the glass, the ice ball glides smoothly around, gently chilling your drink while lasting much longer than conventional ice cubes. Now you can kick back while you rock and roll.



OH [pet of the year]





blonde ambition

Every January, we get the party started with a new Pet of the Year, and we're delighted to crown 25-year-old Nicole Aniston our 2013 Queen. We're sure she's going to be an exquisite, articulate representative of the magazine and the company. As she says, "Being on the front line for a high-end adult company during a tumultuous time within the industry will require plenty of hard work and creativity on my end, but to be chosen to do so is an honor, and I greatly anticipate the upcoming year." We're looking forward to sharing the year ahead with her just as much—almost as much as we're looking forward to sharing Nicole with all of you.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi





"Penthouse Pet is one of the most prestigious titles I've earned in the adult industry yet. Being Pet of the Year is a privilege, and raises my own personal standard to which I hold myself as an entertainer."

"When I first learned I was Pet of the Year, I was thrilled, but surprised. I shared the title of Pet of the Month in 2012 with so many incredible women!"







"The most exciting place I've had sex, I've got to admit, was the hanging cable car over the harbor at SeaWorld in San Diego. If the cable car's a rockin', don't come a knockin'...."









"My most remarkable and most daring sexual experiences are the same: in an elevator during jury duty. I've got a bit of a sick thing for anyone with a briefcase now, strangely enough."

SEE MORE OF NICOLE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

BITE INTO THE BIG APPLE

With basketball at the Garden, century-old steak houses, and some of the best strip clubs, the city that never sleeps just might be a bachelor-party paradise.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

I have lived in New York City for more than 12 years, long enough to attend countless bachelor parties and understand a core truth of this town: You don't need to spend a thousand dollars to have a blast. The Big Apple possesses a singular mix of high/low culture. You can spend \$150 on a slab of dry-aged steak, or stuff yourself silly on four crisp dumplings bought for a buck in Chinatown. Is one better than the other? That's impossible to judge, unless you're the kind of guy who likes to brag about the size of his expense account. They're both unique experiences, and *unique* is the hallmark of New York. It's a city where you can live like a high roller at high-rise clubs, or you can slum it at subterranean speakeasies till 4 A.M.—last call comes

just before dawn breaks.

While New York City may be America's capital of culture and commerce, you'll find a range of activities to entertain you on your last weekend as a single man. From the Yankees to the Giants and Rangers, the sports scene can't be beat. A collection of some of the country's best and brightest chefs offers everything from heritage-breed barbecue to doughnuts filled with foie gras. The cocktail scene is crazy-inventive, and craft-beer bars and beer gardens are now a crucial part of the city's nocturnal ecosystem. And the fairer sex? You'll have to resist every urge to nibble on these Big

Apple beauties. Gentlemen, welcome to the best weekend of your life.

■ WHERE TO CRASH

New Yorkers are famous for living in minuscule apartments. We put up with tiny bedrooms and pip-squeak kitchens because our apartments are merely places to rest our heads at the end of each exhausting night. Bars and restaurants are our living rooms. This is all to say, you don't need to blow your budget on a hotel room.

Instead, look for an affordable inn loaded with amenities, such as the



Ace Hotel (20 West 29th Street, 212-679-2222). The boutique hotel offers rooms in a range of sizes, from a budget-conscious bunk bed to a 711-square-foot, turntable-equipped loft suite overlooking Broadway. While the rooms are comfortable, the Ace's star is its collection of buzzy restaurants, including the pork-heavy **Breslin**, seafood-focused **John Dory Oyster Bar**, and wacky **No. 7 Sub**. Even the taxidermy-filled lobby bar is a hip hangout packed with perfect-tens ripped from the pages of fashion magazines.



Ace Hotel

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TIMES SQUARE) JUMPER/GETTY IMAGES, (ACE HOTEL) DOUGLAS LYLE THOMPSON



Peter Luger



Peter Luger



Another haute hotel with a hot nightlife scene is **the Standard** (848 Washington Street, 212-645-4646), which is perched above the elevated High Line park. Each of the 338 guest rooms' floor-to-ceiling windows provides postcard-worthy views of either Manhattan or the Hudson River. (More to the salacious point, these windows have become popular for couples engaging in very public, very visible sex.) The hotel also comes equipped with the **Standard Grill**, which serves classed-up bistro fare 21 hours a day (it's closed only from 4 A.M. to 7 A.M.). Come summer, dine at the alfresco, Spanish-influenced **Standard Plaza**, or grub on sausages and beer at the year-round, German-style **Biergarten**. Sure, you can bar-hop in the Meatpacking District, hitting the raucous, bra-strewn **Hogs & Heifers** (859 Washington Street, 212-929-0655). However, a surer bet is riding the elevator to the Standard's penthouse. It's home to **Le Bain**, a bumping, deejay-driven *discothèque* that, during the summer, has a plunge pool on the dance floor. Getting wet has never been so much fun.

Across the East River, in Brooklyn, you'll find Williamsburg, which has been the city's epicenter of cool for the past decade. The neighborhood has evolved from a warehouse-filled artists' enclave to an after-dark must-do for New Yorkers and, increasingly, tourists from around the globe. The newest and best place to bed is **Wythe Hotel** (80 Wythe Avenue, 718-460-8000), which was originally built in 1901 as a cooperage. (You'll spot it by the neon sign running vertically that reads **HOTEL**.) It retains many of its industrial details, including brick walls and the original timber ceiling. After dropping off your bags, you can repair to **Reynards** on the ground floor for a bite, or, even better, head to the rooftop bar **the Ides** for an eagle-eye view of Manhattan. Tonight, the city is yours.



■ THE SPORTING LIFE

New York is one of America's most sports-mad cities. The back pages of tabloid newspapers are reserved for shouting the successes and failures, of the local sporting elite, such as the New York Yankees. The likes of Alex Rodriguez, Derek Jeter, and Robinson Cano, plus pitchers C. C. Sabathia and Joba Chamberlain, ensure that the team will be as exciting *off* the field as it is on the field. (Besides the team's play, the Yankee Stadium food offerings from cheese-steak specialist Carl's Steaks and Italian-sandwich purveyor Parm are excellent.) While the Yankees are perennial contenders, the New York Mets have not fared as well. Despite stellar, Cy Young-worthy pitching from knuckleballer R. A. Dickey and the timely hitting of David Wright, the Mets always seemed destined for another disappointing season. But there's a bright side to losing: You can usually find cheap tickets to Citi Field, where Blue Smoke and Shake Shack offer, respectively, great barbecue and burgers.

If football is your bag, it's great to see a game in, well, New Jersey. The New York Giants have won two recent Super Bowls, and they're pretty much a lock to make the playoffs for the rest of the decade. As for the Jets, head coach Rex Ryan has kept them in the national conversation, even if it's for his loud mouth. The team is capable of backing up Ryan's bluster—if they can make the most of the two-headed beast of pretty-boy quarterback Mark Sanchez and religious lightning rod Tim Tebow.

Over at Madison Square Garden, Carmelo Anthony, Tyson Chandler, and Amar'e Stoudemire have helped the New York Knicks climb out of the cellar and, once again, become a competitive, compelling team to watch. Spike Lee has never been happier, even without Jeremy Lin playing for the New York Knicks. If there's no NHL lockout, then you'll also want to snag seats to watch

the city's greatest show on ice, the Rangers. In the 2011-2012 season, the team returned to the conference finals for the first time since 1997, before losing to the New Jersey Devils. Led by top scorers Marián Gaborik and Brad Richards, as well as captain Ryan Callahan, the Rangers look ready to make a push to the Stanley Cup.

In Brooklyn, the brand-new Barclays Center was christened with a string of Jay-Z concerts, paving the way for the arrival of the Nets. (Jay-Z owns a teensy part of the team.) Scorer Joe Johnson, rebound king Brook Lopez, and all-star point guard Deron Williams ensure that the team will be a blast to watch. In 2015, the New York Islanders hockey team will move in as well.

Want even more sports? In March, MSG hosts college basketball's National Invitation Tournament, while bull riders make an annual stop during the Madison Square Garden Invitational. And last but not least, let's not overlook the U.S. Open tennis tournament. After all these years, Serena and Venus Williams still look smokin' hot.

■ RIGHT ON 'CUE

New York is a food paradise, with countless cuisines available at virtually any hour of the day. Crave a bowl of Malaysian laksa noodles? A plump Vietnamese bánh mì packed with pork? Mouth-numbing Sichuan ma po tofu? This town has you covered.

But for a bachelor party, I'd prefer to steer you to the city's sublime steak houses. Since 1887, the broiled steaks at Brooklyn's **Peter Luger (178 Broadway, 718-387-7400)** have caused generations of New Yorkers to salivate. Order a porterhouse paired with a side of creamed spinach, tomatoes, and thick-cut bacon, and you'll be pleased as punch. (P.S.: The restaurant only accepts cash, or its own Peter Luger credit card.)

Back in Manhattan, continue

your carnivorous adventure at the circa-1885 **Keens Steakhouse (72 West 36th Street, 212-947-3636)**. The restaurant is old-school to its core, decorated with chandeliers, plush carpets, and paintings that are seemingly borrowed from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. While the steaks are undisputedly excellent, the signature dish is the massive mutton chop. The dish is juicy as all get-out, a must-eat for lovers of meat. Partner it with a single-malt Scotch to enter nirvana.

If your vision of paradise contains barbecue, beeline to **Hill Country (30 West 26th Street, 212-255-4544)**, a Texas-style, Texas-huge joint specializing in sausage, ribs, and brisket smoked for hours over oak. The result is brisket as soft and luscious as a scoop of gelato, served up with gooey mac 'n' cheese and mashed sweet potatoes mixed with bourbon—and you'll find plenty more behind the bar. If you stick to Brooklyn, another first-rate barbecue parlor is **Fette Sau (354 Metropolitan Avenue, 718-963-3404)**. You'll smell the fatty perfume at least 50 feet from the entrance to the former cinder-block garage, where you'll find peppery lamb pastrami, Berkshire-pork sausage links, and slabs of brisket. Order a selection at the counter, grab a gallon of craft beer and a flight of whiskey, then dig in with your hands.

And I'd be remiss if I didn't urge you to save space for **Katz's Delicatessen (205 East Houston Street, 212-254-2246)**. At the Lower East Side perennial favorite, pastrami and corned beef are served in towering sandwiches that will test even the heartiest appetite. Each sandwich is sliced to order, and, if you're lucky, the counterperson will offer you a taste of the perfectly pink flesh while you wait. Even better: Katz's is open all night on Friday and Saturday, making this a perfect pit stop before bedtime.



■ BEER HERE

If it were any other occasion, I'd recommend that you spend a few hours sipping cocktails at **PDT** (113 St. Marks Place, 212-614-0386) or **Death + Company** (433 East 6th Street, 212-388-0882), but liquor is a quicker way to end your night. The goal for a bachelor party is imbibing in mass quantities, for which you'll want beer—at least, till common sense is bludgeoned into submission and someone starts ordering shots.

Begin your beer drinking at Queens' **Bohemian Hall & Beer Garden** (29-19 24th Avenue, 718-274-4925). A century earlier, New York was covered with sprawling, tree-covered beer gardens. It's a great spot to clink half-liter mugs of Pilsner Urquell, snack on kielbasa, and, if you're lucky, listen to an oompah band. From there, head to Brooklyn and visit **Radegast Hall & Biergarten** (113 North 3rd Street, 718-963-3973). The expansive Austro-Hungarian-style beer hall is outfitted with soaring ceilings, iron chandeliers, beer-barrel trash cans, and a heated beer

garden, where comely waitresses flutter across the concrete floor to communal tables fashioned from 150-year-old barn wood. The beers lean toward the European, and they come in half-liter or liter mugs big enough to murder a man—or, after a few of them, your sobriety.

A short stroll away, you'll find **Brooklyn Brewery** (79 North 11th Street, 718-486-7422). Fridays through Sundays, the beer maker opens its tasting room, where you can sip Brooklyn Lager, East India Pale Ale, or one-off rarities only available at the brewery. (Pro tip: You can have pizza delivered to the brewery.) Now that you've got a buzz, head down the road to the spacious, high-ceilinged **Barcade** (388 Union Avenue, 718-302-6464), which is dedicated to craft beer and videogames. Brewing heavyweights such as Dogfish Head and Rogue are served alongside such regional breweries as Greenport Harbor, Cisco, and Captain Lawrence. Battle your buddies on one of the vintage games like *Rampage*, *Gauntlet*, *Asteroids*, *Contra*, or *Centipede*, which cost just a quarter to play.

By now, you probably no longer

need to slurp the good stuff. Head back across the East River to Manhattan, where you can pound cold, cheap cans of PBR at the Lower East Side's rec-room dive, **Welcome to the Johnsons** (123 Rivington Street, 212-420-9911). Alternately, you can stroll down the block to rocker haunt **St. Jerome's** (155 Rivington Street, 212-533-1810), where the music is loud and longnecks of Budweiser will cost you just two bucks till midnight. If that's too expensive, try heading to Tribeca's **Patriot Saloon** (110 Chambers Street, 212-748-1162). In this upstairs-downstairs honky-tonk, deadbeat bums, construction workers, and bros pound how-can-they-be-that-cheap? pitchers of beer while busty barmaids climb atop the bar to jiggle and wiggle. Naturally, one song you'll likely hear is Jimmy Buffett's "Why Don't We Get Drunk."

■ BARELY THERE

No matter how great the hotel, restaurants, or bars you've visited, every bachelor party's success lies in the strip club. A terrible nude parlor can transform a terrific bachelor party into a tragedy. Luckily, you will not have that problem in New York City, where the talent level goes all the way to 11.



Armed with twenties and dollar bills, start your strip-club adventure at Brooklyn's dark and divey **Pumps** (1089 Grand Street, 718-599-2474). Here, the vibe is rock 'n' roll, the girls are likely tattooed, and you can buy a drink for less than \$10. It's topless only, but it's a great bet when you don't have bottomless pockets.

Since strip clubs are fewer and farther between in Brooklyn (and, from my personal experience, often scarier), boogie back to Manhattan's **New York Dolls** (59 Murray Street, 212-791-5261). I always end up here during a bachelor party (likely because it's so close to the Patriot Saloon). Since 1987, the downtown stronghold has entertained businessmen and fat cats alike (it's immortalized in Wyclef Jean's stripper anthem "Perfect Gentleman"). A recent face-lift has given the club a fresher feel for the twenty-first century, and its small size gives you a better chance of getting up close and personal with the more than 100 drool-worthy dancers. My suggestion: Opt for the party package, which includes a private stage, top-shelf bar complete with bartender, and a lap dance for the man of the hour.

Don't make it *hours*. You'll want to save some time for the legendary **Scores** (536 West 28th Street, 212-

868-4900), where the scandalous fun is spread out across three floors and around 7,500 square feet.

Scores earned its reputation as a playpen for professional athletes, and though it has changed locations and remodeled, it has not lost its lustrous sheen. There's abundant plush seating, Swarovski crystal-embellished mirrored walls, and, oh, yes, plenty of private rooms.

Also worth a trip is **Rick's Cabaret** (50 West 33rd Street, 212-372-0850), which boasts four levels, three stages, and around 10,000 square feet of seductive space. Sure, you can hang out on the first floor and watch one of around 100 knockouts work their pole-riding magic, but I'd recommend holding court in one of the ten VIP suites on the second floor. What happens in Rick's stays in Rick's.

Afterward, make your way further uptown to **Sapphire New York** (333 East 60th Street, 212-421-3600), where adult-film stars—and Penthouse Pets, including Gina Lynn and Alexis Texas—share the stage with a curvaceous lineup of "Sapphire Gems." The multimillion-dollar club offers high-rolling bachelor-party deals, including the Goose & Jack

package that includes a bottle of each iconic spirit, admission for ten, a VIP table and personal host, plus transportation.

Buy a lap dance at other spots, but save some coin for the night's best and last stop, **Penthouse Executive Club** (603 West 45th Street, 212-245-0002). The swanky, 10,000-square-foot pleasure palace is pure class, boasting a trio of main stages (adjoining the inviting Champagne lounges) populated by dozens of drop-dead-gorgeous girls from Europe, Russia, South America—anywhere and everywhere beautiful women can be found. If you find the charms of one performer particularly irresistible, you can invite her to share a drink with you at the excellent in-house restaurant, **Robert's Steakhouse**, or perhaps head to the private Harem Rooms for a lap dance well worth emptying your wallet for. Go on—make your friends pony up for multiple dances. Though a bachelor party only comes once, you can come as many times as you'd like tonight. **OH**

Bowled Over

Test your knowledge of the soon-to-be-obsolete college football postseason.

By John Bolster

The 2014 college football season will bring the end of the bowl system as you know it, but don't worry, you'll feel fine: Because that season—or, more accurately, that *postseason*—will also kick off the recently approved four-team playoff for the national championship.

No more water-cooler arguments about which team wuz robbed, or whose schedule was filled with cupcakes, or why, oh, why can't we *please* just settle this thing on the field?! Also: No more bowl games—at least in the traditional sense of the term.

As the penultimate bowl season descends upon us, let's take a look back at the 110-year history of the college football bowl game—in the form of a

quiz that tests your knowledge of the odd system.

■ WAYBACK: 1900-1950

1. Where and when did the first college bowl game take place?
2. What was the first college football stadium with a bowl-shaped design and the word "bowl" in its name? (We gave you half the answer.)
3. I led Texas to a 40-27 win over Missouri in the 1946 Cotton Bowl, setting a bowl-game record by accounting for all of my team's points. I ran for three touchdowns, caught one, passed for two more, and kicked four extra points. I went on to a 15-year career in the NFL, primarily with Detroit. Who am I?
4. What bowl joins the Sugar and the Orange as the second-oldest bowl

games in the country?

5. One school has the most bowl-game appearances and wins. Which is it?

■ GOLDEN AGE: 1960-1980

1. Where was the Bluebonnet Bowl held?
2. In the 1964 Orange Bowl against Texas, I came off the bench and completed 18 of 37 passes for 255 yards and two TDs to rally Alabama, but ultimately fell short, getting stopped on a QB sneak at the 1 in the final seconds of a 21-17 loss. I was still named MVP of the game. Who am I?
3. In the frigid 1979 Cotton Bowl, while battling the flu, I led Notre Dame from a 34-12 fourth-quarter deficit to a 35-34 win. Who am I?
4. I threw a last-second, 54-yard Hail Mary pass for a TD that completed Brigham Young's comeback from



subsequently fired. BCS Era: 1. Kansas State, 2. USC, which beat Michigan 28-14 in the Rose Bowl, 3. Oklahoma, 4. Vince Young, Texas, 5. Hook and later, Statue of Liberty. Sponsorship Hell: 6.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (1) TOP AND (2) FAR LEFT: (CAM NEWTON) KEVIN C. COX/GETTY IMAGES, (LEFT TO RIGHT), (NEW ORLEANS SUPERDOME) SUZANNE VLAMIS/AP IMAGES, (JOE NAMATH) EVERETT COLLECTION/ALAMY, NICE ONE PRODUCTIONS/CORBIS, EZRA SHAW/GETTY IMAGES, (TRENT RICHARDSON) SAM GREENWOOD/GETTY IMAGES

a 45–25 deficit with less than three minutes remaining in the 1980 Holiday Bowl. Who am I?

5. After the 1978 Gator Bowl, who said, “Nobody despises to lose more than I do. That’s got me into trouble over the years, but it also made a man of mediocre ability into a pretty good coach”?

■ BCS ERA: 1998—

1. The BCS era kicked off in 1998–99, and produced a controversy right out of the gate as a team from the Big 12 finished third in the BCS standings yet was not invited to a BCS bowl game. What team was that?

2. The 2003–04 season ended with a split national championship, the very thing the BCS was designed to avoid. Louisiana State defeated Oklahoma in

the BCS title game, but the AP voted a different school No. 1. Name that school.

3. Name the program that has appeared in four national title games in the BCS era, more than any other school.

4. I passed for 267 yards and ran for 200 (and three TDs) to lead my team to a thrilling 41–38 win in the 2006 Rose Bowl. Who am I?

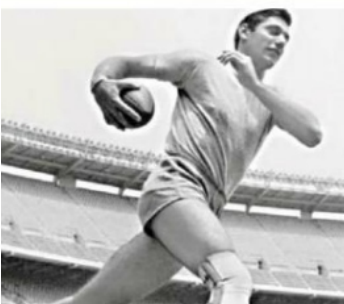
5. The 2007 Fiesta Bowl was the greatest game of the BCS—and arguably any—era. Boise State (12–0) won it, 43–42 over Oklahoma (11–2), using two trick plays in key moments down the stretch. What were those plays?

■ SPONSORSHIP HELL

College bowl games have always

had sponsors and have always been about generating revenue—for the host cities, the schools, and eventually the TV networks. But sometime in the late twentieth century, things just got out of hand, giving us corporate-sponsored bowls with tongue-twistingly absurd titles. Which of the following is the worst name ever for a college football bowl game?

1. Poulan Weed-Eater Independence Bowl
2. San Diego County Credit Union Poinsettia Bowl
3. Franklin American Mortgage Music City Bowl
4. Beef O’Brady’s St. Petersburg Bowl
5. GalleryFurniture.com Bowl
6. All of the above



Answers
Wayback: 1. Rose Bowl, Pasadena, California, 1902. 2. Yale Bowl. 3. Bobby Layne. 4. Sun Bowl, 1935–. 5. Alabama, 59 appearances, 33 wins.
Golden Age: 1. Houston, 1959–87. 2. Joe Namath. 3. Joe Montana. 4. Jim McMahon. 5. Former Ohio State coach Woody Hayes, who punched a Clemson player in the neck at the end of the Gator Bowl, and was





Marijuana dealers around the country are combining forces with the unwitting employees of UPS, the postal service, and FedEx for fast, reliable—and undetected—delivery of their product.

By Matt Caputo • Illustrations by Jon Proctor • Photographs by An Rong Xu

It's a few days after the Fourth of July, and Americans are riding the holiday high into the long weekend. Behind a tiny house in Queens, New York, a backyard grill is flaming and folks are drinking beer and talking over hip-hop pumping out of a portable iPod dock. Summer smells mingle in the warm air.

The front doorbell rings, but no one out back can hear it, including the head of the household, who's manning the grill and head-nodding to the music. Later, after the last beer has been downed, and the embers beneath the grill are dimming, he's

mildly concerned that a family member has signed for a package—a rectangular box from the United States Postal Service—that isn't addressed to anyone who lives there. The label says it's from Santa Cruz, California, but a quick Google search reveals that the return address doesn't exist.

Curiosity getting the better of him, our grill master slices into the side of the cardboard, using a steak knife stained with A1 sauce. He gently tears away the flaps at the top of the box and finds ... a smaller, heavily taped box underneath a layer of shredded newspaper.

Did his wife buy something online and the package got mislabeled?

Not exactly.

After cutting into the second box, our man discovers not a new necklace and purse, but six pounds of high-grade marijuana, each pound

individually vacuum-packed and delivered direct from the green pastures of Northern California by an independent agency of the U.S. government. The piney, perfume-y smell of potent bud overwhelms the remnants of the cookout.

Shipping marijuana across the country via the U.S. Postal Service, FedEx, or UPS has become one of the easiest, most popular, and surprisingly safe ways for growers and large suppliers to reach pot dealers and distributors around the country. While arrests related to receiving such ship-

JOINT EFFORT

ments are made on a fairly regular basis, there's truly no accounting for how much marijuana is transported via legitimate shipping services. Smart packaging and a discreet course of action are essentially the only requirements.

"It's been going on forever and they're always going to get away with it, especially with FedEx. It's virtually impossible to find the drugs before they are delivered," says Michael Levine, a former DEA agent who once was called America's top undercover cop by *60 Minutes*. "Investigators are often satisfied with arresting the receiver, but it's usually not a large quantity," says Levine, now an expert witness in many cases involving drug trafficking via postal services. "There is no effort made to arrest the person who may be sending 1,000 packages a day."

In the case of our grill master, the package was intended for an acquaintance of his, who thought he'd timed the delivery for a period when no one would be at the grill master's

shy of 40, he looks like he spent this Saturday morning washing his car and watching fishing on TV. Though he often handles an unfathomable amount of pot, he has a prescription for easy access to small amounts of bud and for the ability to legally grow marijuana, according to California law.

"My preppiness, and being a Catholic-school kid plays a role," Palma says. "That helped me understand how I could get by the man. I knew I could get through."

Born into an Italian family from Kansas City, Palma says he and his mom drove out to Los Angeles "Karate Kid"-style in a station wagon in 1988. He says older cousins were already selling drugs when he reached high school, and he fell into "the camp" as a youngster eager to make his own money. In a few years' time, Palma says, he was regularly shipping 20-pound condensed bricks of Mexican marijuana back East. He once took 18 pounds of pot with him on a flight to Charlotte. Needless to say, this was pre-9/11. The shipping

Through the years, the market for cheap Mexican and British Columbian bud has shrunk, but demand for high-end designer pot grown in California has exploded—and Palma's techniques for transporting it safely have barely changed.

In the tidy living room of his family's home, Palma demonstrates his system, which he claims has a 98 percent success rate. He uses gloves during the entire procedure, even when buying packaging materials. From there, it's a two-box process, requiring packing tape, Styrofoam packaging peanuts, and a long spool of plastic sandwich wrap. "If you make one mistake, you're going to mess up," Palma says. "It's all about the steps and procedures that you take in preparing it."

Typically, a package will contain five to eight pounds of exotic bud in individually vacuum-sealed bags. Palma follows his proprietary procedure to a "T" for each shipment, stacking, wrapping, and sealing his cargo precisely the same way each

"It's been going on forever and **they're always going to get away with it.** There is no effort made to arrest the person who may be sending 1,000 packages a day."

home. The box would be left outside the house, he reasoned, and he could swoop by and pick up his supply. The day after the cookout, the intended recipient arrived and apologized for putting his friend at risk for a possession charge. He promised not to do it again—at least not using the grill master's address.

Across the country, in a family-friendly section of Los Angeles, Guero Palma (not his real name) is parked outside a medical-marijuana dispensary. Unlike the beachside spots in Venice, there is no flashy neon-green sign outside, nor is there a stoner in surgical scrubs waving you in the door with a flyer for a discounted evaluation.

It's a good place to meet the guy nicknamed "Brett Favre" for his ability to launch marijuana packages to far reaches without having them intercepted.

Football nickname aside, Palma dresses like a soccer dad—polo shirt, sweat-stained baseball cap. Just

game—much like air travel—has changed since then. (More on that shortly.)

In the nineties, Palma befriended a Colombian drug dealer who was looking to unload a large amount of cheap Mexican pot. At the Colombian's request, Palma rented a house where he stored and prepared the inventory prior to shipment.

"I started taking in three trash bags full of Mexican the size of a love seat, at least 100 pounds in each one because they are bricks; they're compact," says Palma. "This is where I started learning about the wrapping and the packaging. I'd wrap for hours a day, doing easily 80 or 100 pounds."

By 1996, Palma was being paid \$1,000 per installment to prepare shipments for West Coast growers.

time. "I think the reason [I've never been caught] is because I take the extra care," Palma says.

Palma seals off the interior of the container, covering anything that might create ventilation and let loose the funky aroma from inside. This also prevents damage during shipping—as do the Styrofoam peanuts he loads in next, before sealing the *outside* of the box carefully. Now, box No. 1 is ready to be loaded into box No. 2.

Palma executes a similar procedure with the outer container, and he's ready to ship. More than anything, he says, the second box needs to look discreet and neat. Large "TV boxes" should be avoided. Everything from the address labels to the way the box is taped could set off suspicion from a shipping-store employee. "You don't want it all dented up. Everything should look like Grandma's Christmas gift," Palma says.

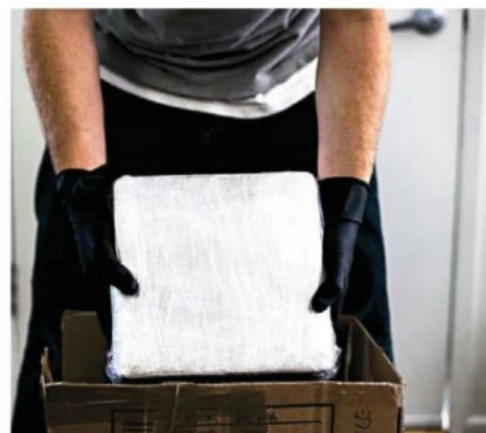
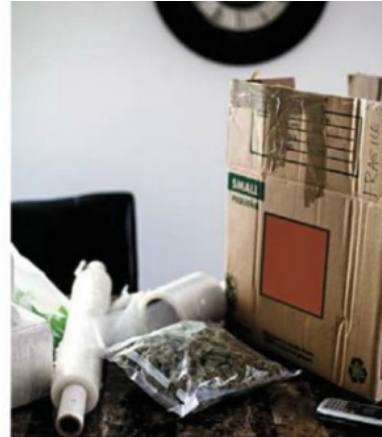
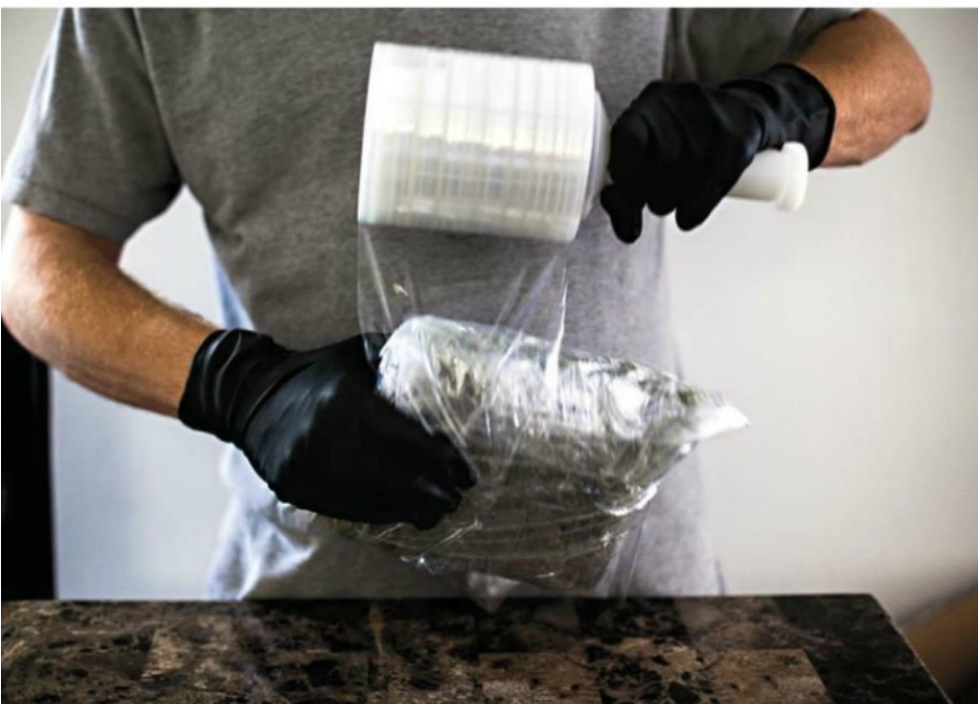
Palma usually chooses a return address that is near the post office. He might pick a house that is for sale or



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He won't get specific about **how much he ships, or how much income his shipments generate**, but his only other line of work is as a deejay, and he lives pretty comfortably.

under heavy construction. In theory, there's a chance that if the package is undeliverable it will be left on the doorstep of the return address. He uses a fake name and changes carriers frequently. "I consistently used UPS and [then] I went with FedEx for a while," Palma says. "You rotate and go through different locations so there's not one area you sit on too long."

Once the shipment is properly packaged, a successful delivery usually follows. But there have been exceptions, especially since 9/11, when security became tighter and packages began facing more scrutiny. In January 2011, Palma says a package he shipped to Maryland was intercepted after a bomb threat on the statehouse. Palma says using a shipping service to send marijuana cross-country has become slightly

riskier, but he continues to do it—and get away with it.

He won't get specific about how much he ships, or how much income his shipments generate, but his only other line of work is as a deejay, and he seems to live pretty comfortably.

A quick Google search will show that people are being arrested every week for accepting packages of marijuana. Most of them are low-level dealers from places like Clinton, Connecticut; New Rochelle, New York; and Fayetteville, Arkansas. In April 2012, an Arkansas man was arrested for shipping 20 pounds of pot and some marijuana barbecue sauce to himself from California. FedEx employees became suspicious of his packages and his mail was monitored for four months before he was arrested.

"All of the cases I have knowledge of originated in California," says Levine, the ex-DEA man. "They're growing it there in big numbers, and some of the medical-marijuana people are really in the business. It's a

huge cash crop in California."

The six pounds of bud delivered to the grill master's address had an estimated value of \$24,000. Anthony Lawrence (not his real name), a man with direct knowledge of marijuana operations on both coasts, says the volume of pot that's being mailed from California and Colorado has hurt the value of East Coast weed. But it's also providing supplemental product for East Coast dealers during dry spells. He says domestic-marijuana mailing is keeping dollars in the United States that would otherwise go to suppliers in Mexico or Canada.

"There is a lot of risk involved in driving bud down from Canada, so having it shipped to New York is seen as a safer option," Lawrence says. "And there are rural places where they just can't get weed so easily. There are




smokers everywhere that want bud."

Lawrence has packed sealable buckets with pot and used insulation foam to secure it within the shipping box. He, too, sees little that would stop the flow of weed via mailing services, and agrees that detection comes down to the details. "It's tricky: If the package is paid for in cash and no signature is required, it's getting picked off," Lawrence says, adding that repeated shipments requiring no signature will quickly raise suspicion. On the other hand, if you follow normal shipping procedures, your recipient can successfully sign for and receive pounds of weed—even if the delivery guy is a narc. Levine says he worked on multiple occasions with undercover units posing as delivery guys.

In July 2012, another Arkansas man, 65-year-old Robert Walker,

was sentenced to two years in prison after pleading guilty to shipping more than ten pounds of pot via FedEx from California to his home in the Ozarks. Walker had recently taken over his deceased brother's firm, Flying Possum Leather, which sells Birkenstocks, custom sandals, boots, belts, and guitar straps to Fayetteville locals—so he may well have been looking to goose the business with another product that appeals to the Flying Possum clientele.

Experts assume that successful postal or carrier deliveries of pot greatly outnumber those that are intercepted and result in an arrest. There are simply too many shipments, and it's too easy to properly secure the packages. Barring some significant advance in detection technology, law enforcement can't possibly keep up.

"It's a commodity; I think it surpassed corn last year," Lawrence says. "If there were ever a depression, I think pot would be worth more than gold." 





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Photographs by VoyX



"I loved doing this shoot because standards are different in the U.S. In Japan, they pixelate out my pussy and ass. I'm very excited to be in *Penthouse*, where American men can appreciate *everything* about a sexy girl."









“Japanese men like shy girls, so we have to make shy faces, and do silly poses. I like American men, who like to look at photos of girls when they touch themselves.”



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JANUARY 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



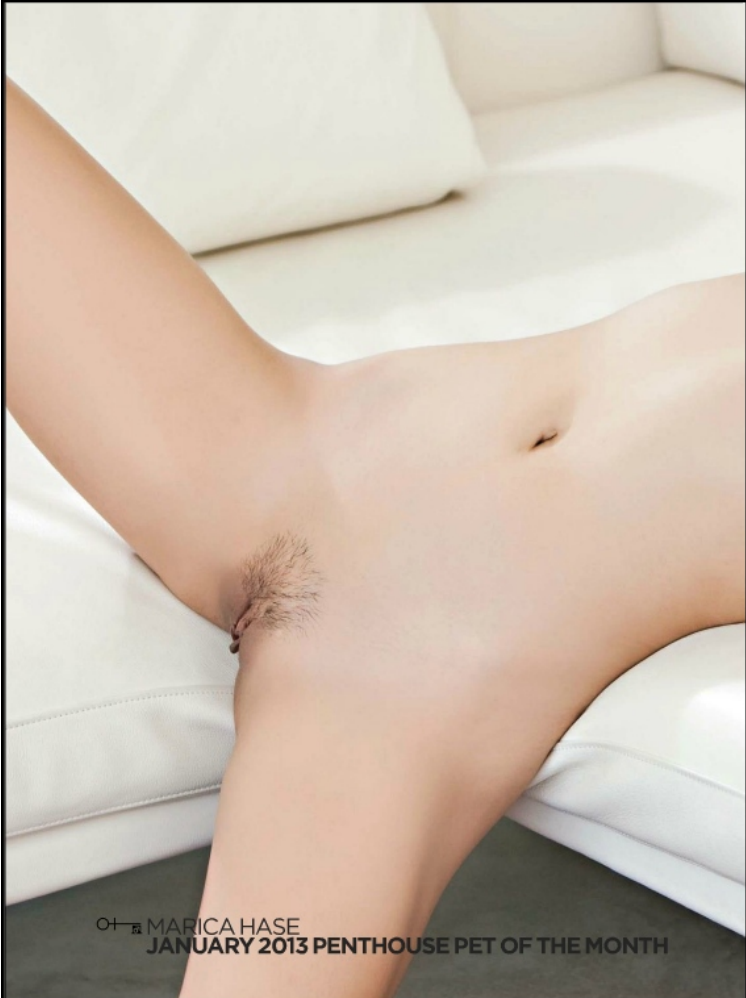
"I like sadoomasochistic play, like in a porn film. I use candles, a whip, and bondage when I have sex with my boyfriend. It's exciting every time!"



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01 MARICA HASE
JANUARY 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



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MARICA HASE
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Vital
 33-23-34.5"
 31 years old
 Hometown:
 Tokyo, Japan

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
 There are a lot of people there, which is exciting for me. I like meeting people with different personalities and ways of thinking.

If you could have any job in the world, what would it be?
 I want to become an novelist. I love reading books and writing. I had work as an adult actress and a journalist. I write for a Japanese newspaper.

Favorite sport:
 Swimming and yoga.

Favorite TV show:
 One and the City.

Favorite movie:
 Pretty Woman.

Who's your ideal date:
 I like guys who are older than I am, men who lead me and introduce me to their view of the world.

Were you a wild teenager?
 No. I was a quiet girl who was always reading a book.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?
 Coming to the U.S. so I can try to become the biggest porn star in the world. I'm a small Japanese girl and my English is not so good. This is the challenge of my life.

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"My proudest moment came during a shoot. I was so turned-on that I squirted, and I broke the camera. Then I broke another one. I couldn't believe how excited I was."



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nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ One or two days without sex, and it feels like I have to start the mission of getting laid. At what point would you consider it an addiction?

Well, my views on "sex addiction" aren't popular among therapists and specialists, so keep that in mind. I think the word "addiction" is too frequently attached to behaviors these days. Then again, I personally view sex as one of the greatest things in the world, and I don't see the problem with doing the greatest thing in the world as often as humanly possible! That said, I would say that as soon as one's life becomes unmanageable as a result of his or her behavior, that's when concern about addiction is appropriate. What's unmanageable? In my mind it would be indulging in any behavior to the point where:

1. It affects you in the workplace, ultimately impacting the successes and failures of you or your coworkers.
2. It causes you to lie, cheat, or hurt others emotionally, spiritually, and/or physically.
3. It keeps you away from the things in life you enjoy and wish you were doing.
4. It puts your health or the health of others at risk.
5. You know that there are potential

consequences as a result of your behavior, yet you indulge in it anyway.

6. Your self-esteem is dependent upon the acquisition of a desired sexual act.

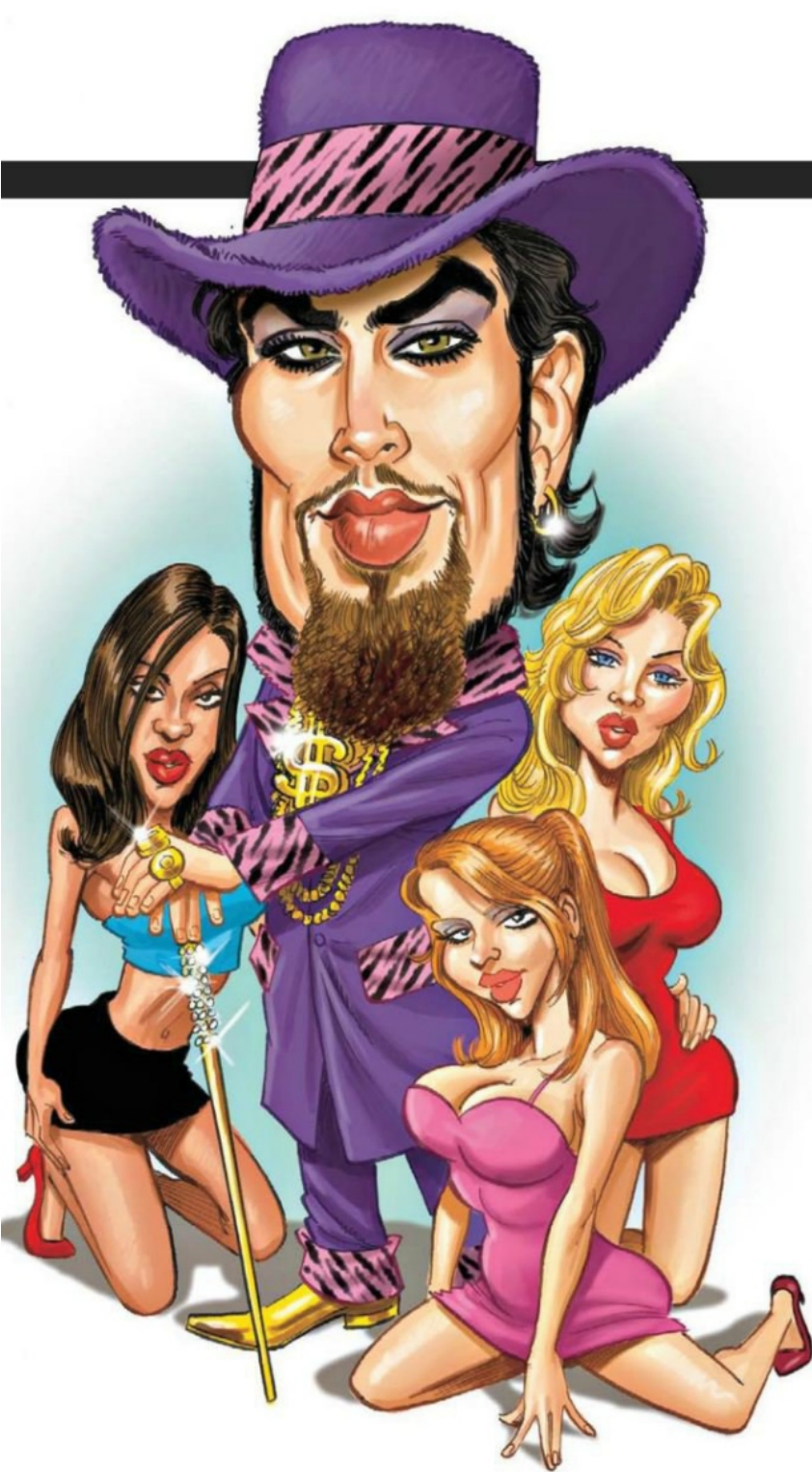
These are broad strokes, but hopefully you get the idea. Psych Central describes sex addiction in the following way: "Sexual addiction is best described as a progressive intimacy disorder characterized by compulsive sexual thoughts and acts." If this is accurate, then sign me up ... along with just about everyone I know. I kind of like my outline better.

Are my guidelines simply a method of allowing myself to continue my behavior, provided I stay within the parameters? Perhaps. Is there somewhat of a moral code that works for me hidden within my views? For sure. Then again, I see nothing wrong with sexual experimentation, masturbation, pornography, BDSM, fetishes, one-night stands, etc. I don't believe we were given the tools and urges we have only to deny them. Maybe I am merely justifying my own promiscuity, but you know what? That works just fine for me. As long as I don't injure others or negatively affect the lives of those around me, I am totally within the range of my own personal moral compass. I'm not saying I do this perfectly. I don't think anyone can do anything perfectly. Thankfully, the "I'm only human" card

can be presented at any time. (I keep a stack of them on me.)

Looking at the phrase "compulsive sexual thoughts and acts," I have to wonder what that means, exactly. What's a "sexual" thought? People make all kinds of decisions based on sex and/or attracting a sexual partner. Is that compulsive? If a woman buys a dress because she looks pretty in it, or a guy goes to the gym to lose weight in order to hopefully attract a desired partner, is that compulsive? I mean, ultimately, it breaks down to wanting to feel good about oneself and feeling confident, right? Aren't those qualities that make people attractive to one another? And when they are attractive to one another, don't they get physical in many cases?

Most people I know put everyone they meet into one of two categories: (1) I would. (2) I wouldn't. I don't know if that's compulsive or human or just a by-product of living in sin, but I know that I tend to do that as well. Maybe I'm wrong and I'm going to hell one day. At least I'll be there with like-minded women, and the whole issue will be a nonstarter. That sounds better to me than sprouting wings and playing the harp while listening to a nonstop choir as I prance from cloud to cloud. *That* sounds like hell! So it'll be a little warm. We'll all be naked anyway.



I suppose at the end of the day, what works for some may not work for others. Bear in mind, I'm just discussing the concept of straight sex and sex addiction. Obviously my views shift dramatically in terms of relationships. If you ask me the question this reader did, I say have at it. Just watch out for the potential downward spiral. Be honest, up front, and clear about your lifestyle

choices. Try not to mislead anyone for your own selfish desires. If you're going to be a sex addict, then learn how to be what I call a *functioning* sex addict. Personally, I haven't quite mastered this yet, but I do believe there is an attainable peace within reach—something much like what the

Buddhists call consciousness. They meditate every day to achieve their goals. Looks like I'll have to practice my principles every day to achieve mine.

■ **Why do men stay with their live-in partners when they are clearly unhappy and have little to no sex?**

Routine and familiarity can sometimes keep people in unhealthy situations. Fear of uprooting yourself and starting fresh can also be overwhelming. Some might say that there is an inherent trade-off in a long-term, committed relationship. A couple may lose some fire in the sex department, yet grow stronger in the best-friend department. Personally, I already have a best friend, so this trade-off is not an appealing option to me. Some feel that chasing a dream is far too much trouble and would rather live with the mundane. A once-flourishing sex life gets turned into a Sunday trip to the farmer's market. I don't have the solution to this dilemma, but you're accurate with your observation that some people settle for that situation. I know I don't want to have sex with my best friend. Maybe those men don't either, so the little to no sex works for them.

■ **If a man has the choice between amazing, mind-blowing sex or get-off-quickly, so-so sex, why would he choose the so-so sex?**

I think we're overlooking some possible factors here. What if the mind-blowing girl comes with emotional baggage and issues, while the so-so girl is fun and light and easy to get along with? If the choice is as simple as mind-blowing over so-so, then yes ... mind-blowing wins. Yet sometimes easy and simple and fun wins because there is no expectation or personality clash. Being a master in the bedroom doesn't automatically win. One has to also be a tolerable human being. Not to mention, sometimes the "get-off-quickly, so-so sex" is the hotter choice. For some people, an average quickie is much more attractive and less time-consuming than dinner, drinks, conversation, music, lighting, romance, then—finally—mind-blowing sex. In other words, bent over the sink for ten minutes can be way hotter than an entire night of *anything*. ☞

STOLEN VALOR

Few things provoke the ire of the military community more than false claims of honor and service.

By Jennifer Peters
Illustration by Chris Hiers

From the start of the American military, when George Washington himself was awarding promotions and medals, there was fear that these decorations would be misappropriated. Washington first raised the issue in 1782, saying, "Should any who are not entitled to the honors, have the insolence to assume the badges of them, they shall be severely punished." In the more than 200 years since, however, punishment for false heroes has been minimal.

The first attempt at preventing such claims didn't come until 2005, when the Stolen Valor Act was drafted and brought before Congress, then signed into law by George W. Bush in 2006. But this past June, the law was struck down as unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, which claimed that liars' rights to free speech would be unfairly restricted by a statute that was too broad, and that lying about being a veteran was protected by the First Amendment.

Almost immediately following the Supreme Court's 6-3 ruling, a new version of the Stolen Valor Act was drafted and, in September, approved by the House of Representatives in a 410-3 vote. The new law—sponsored by Congressman Joe Heck (R-NV)—improves upon the original with new language that its proponents hope will help it pass muster with the Supreme Court. The new bill is more specific, stating in clear terms that lying about military service in order to benefit from such dishonesty will be a punishable offense.



VFW Director
of Public Affairs
Joe Davis

"There are a number of professions that have legal protections from impersonators," says Joe Davis, Director of Public Affairs for Veterans of Foreign Wars, "including lawyers and doctors, but none have the possibility of dying for one's country as part of their job description. Those same protections must be extended to military heroes. Medals, awards, and badges have meaning in the military. Protecting them from wannabe heroes who want to capitalize on the military's honor and public trust is the least we can do."

Vietnam veteran Doug Sterner and his wife, Pam, couldn't agree more. The couple was the driving force behind the original bill in 2005, with Pam writing the policy analysis that led to Congressman John T. Salazar's (D-CO) proposed legislation and, eventually, the passage of the bill. Doug Sterner is also responsible for the only public database cataloging

recipients of the military's top honors, with more than 112,000 entries; he has the records needed to verify another 38,000, and expects them to be online by the beginning of 2013. (Approximately 350,000 medals above the Bronze Star and up to the Medal of Honor have been awarded.)

Sterner began maintaining his database out of a passion for preserving history and showcasing the heroics of decorated servicemen and -women, and he says that remains his primary motivation for running the Hall of Valor website, which is now supported by *Military Times* (MilitaryTimes.com/citations-medals-awards). Sterner describes how he began coming across instances of stolen valor. "I would get emails from people saying, 'You don't list my uncle. He got the Medal of Honor,' and it was a phony," he explains. "That's when I first began to realize that there were people brazen enough to lie about being Medal of Honor recipients."

In July, following the Supreme Court's decision, the Department of Defense launched its own official medals database. Unfortunately, that

According to Vietnam vet Doug Sterner, most instances of stolen valor involve the Purple Heart.

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AT NEWBURN, NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1782
TO

FOR WOUNDS RECEIVED
IN ACTION

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON
THIS DAY OF

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL





Hall of Valor's Doug Sterner today (right), and in Vietnam in 1972

database lists only medals given out for service on or after September 11, 2001. This means that of the hundreds of Medals of Honor awarded in the military's history, less than a dozen are included on the DOD's website.

According to Sterner, most instances of stolen valor involve the Purple Heart—thousands have been awarded in the recent wars alone—and the Distinguished Service Cross, records of which are maintained almost exclusively by Sterner on the Hall of Valor site.

Even without such resources, veterans and activists say that most impostors are easy to spot, as their outsize bravado and willingness to tell war stories make them stand out from legitimate heroes. "True heroes are quiet," says the VFW's Joe Davis. "Telling their stories means reliving some of the worst moments of their lives. [Most would] gladly trade in all their medals just to have been able to save one more of their buddies."

"Guys who've actually been in the shit and done some bad stuff; they don't talk," says retired Sergeant Klay South, a double Purple Heart recipient and founder of Veterans of Valor, which aids wounded combat veterans. "They'll say, 'Yeah, I've been there, I've done that,' but they don't go into detail. They don't want to

relive it. The ones who go into great detail? They didn't do shit."

The internet and the rise of social media have made it easier for impostors to flourish. South has seen numerous fake profiles popping up on Facebook and Twitter. While some profiles use photos and information stolen from actual soldiers, others post photos of themselves in mismatched uniforms and displaying medals from the wrong service branch, making them easy to spot if you're in the know.

Sterner believes that the primary motivation for most of these fakers is social, and most likely involves impressing women. He thinks this is part of the problem with writing new legislation specifying that only those who benefit from their lies can be prosecuted. "What is a benefit?" Sterner asks. "If claiming to be a Navy SEAL with a Silver Star gets a guy laid, is that a benefit?" Sterner says yes. Besides, he points out, "If there were no benefit, there would be no incentive for people to [lie about military service]."

Each case of stolen valor, each impostor—whether online or out in the world—causes strong emotional reactions from those who have served. "When someone wears a fake uniform, the first thing that comes to mind is all the friends you lost in combat and what a dishonor [the fake] is," South says. "It's a dishonor to our fallen and the ones who haven't returned home. It just makes me sick."

But it isn't only veterans who are harmed. According to Sterner, the real victims are the American public. "Those who will commit acts of stolen valor are predators, and they prey on society," he says. "The stolen-valor legislation is critical to protecting vulnerable American citizens from crafty predators who lie about their service, sacrifice, and heroism to take advantage of others—and it happens on a daily basis."

South agrees, saying, "People are sympathetic to the military and they don't want to second-guess a veteran. You don't want to call him a liar. It's an act of good faith."

And that's a big part of why Sterner firmly believes in the importance of the Stolen Valor Act, and in punishing those who exploit the public's support of veterans. Still, Sterner says, "I would rather see a dozen phonies get honored for something they didn't do, than unjustly accuse a real hero of being a fraud."



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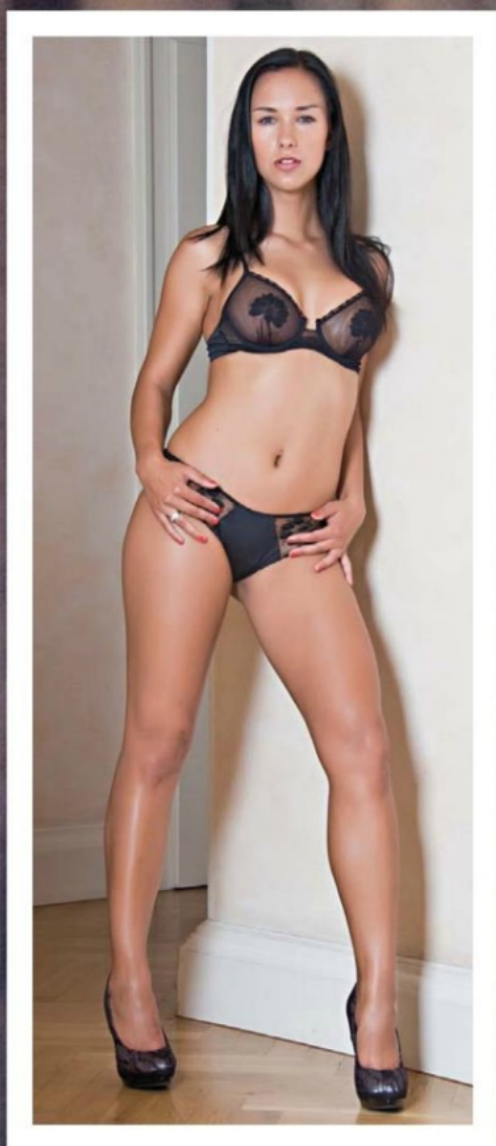
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Erotic models don't come much sweeter than 22-year-old Victoria Sweet. In addition to being smoking hot, this nurse from the Czech Republic is funny and friendly, not to mention nice. More important, she knows how to get down and dirty.

Photographs by David Esposito



"When I go to the United States, I plan to go to Florida. In fact, if I won a million dollars, I'd buy a huge house in Florida and a pink Porsche."





"I love to travel to places that are warm, like Egypt. That's my favorite place to go on vacation."





"The most daring thing I've
ever done is bungee jumping.
It was scary, but so exciting."





"I think the sexiest quality a guy can have is a developed body. I'm very into fitness, and I like men who also are into being fit."

SEE MORE OF VICTORIA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





TALKING

Dave Attell takes a look back at his “golden age of dirty movies,” the 1970s, on *Dave’s Old Porn*. Stay tuned for season two.

Interview by Kyle Dowling

It's hard to find a comedian today who's more respected by his peers than Dave Attell. After beginning in stand-up more than 25 years ago, Attell conquered television with the Comedy Central hit *Insomniac With Dave Attell* (2001–2004), in which he acted as a tour guide to late-night destinations in various cities. He's also starred in stand-up specials, appeared on pretty much every talk show that features comedians, and even hosted a 2008 revival of *The Gong Show*. Now he's landed on Showtime with the hilarious *Dave's Old Porn*, which pays tribute to sex films of the seventies. Season-one adult-industry guest stars included the legendary Ron Jeremy—naturally—old-school stars Seka, Nina Hartley, and Georgina Spelvin; and modern beauties Kristina Rose, Belladonna, and Bobbi Starr. Attell was also joined last season by comedians Adam Carolla, Bill Burr, Jim Norton, Chelsea Handler, Whitney Cummings, the Sklar brothers, and Margaret Cho. Now he's launched season two.

Dave's Old Porn is very funny, and also very dirty. But there's something about the mixture of comedy and porn that's really interesting.

Yes! I always say it's like *Mystery Science Theater* with porn. It's a special style of TV.

And you've mentioned that the idea for the show came from your love of the golden era of porn, the seventies. What is it about vintage pornography that made you think, *This needs a TV show*?

Well, I'm not an expert on it. But the thing I find so attractive is that now I'm in my forties, and these are the girls who I started rubbing it out to. To look back and see it as an adult,

it's interesting. But also, this stuff was before political correctness and all the things we have today, like the internet and shaving. There's a lot of political incorrectness in these videos, with language and such.

It seems the movies of that era were more memorable—for instance, *Deep Throat* and *Emmanuelle*. It doesn't appear to be like that today. Why do you think that's changed?

I think it's because of the internet. I think the seventies were the last wild time. Now porn is just so easy. You can download it. Back then, you had to put in effort to get it. I remember going to Times Square, buying a tape, putting it in a paper bag, and taking it home. It was a big effort. Now people just take porn for granted. Back then, they were real movies. The good

question is yours: Why the change? I really don't know. Today, porn is so politically correct; there will never be a time like the seventies again.

Do you think people today, because there's so much porn out there, have a difficult time sitting down and watching a full movie?

Yeah, it's pretty difficult to watch a full porn [film] aside from what you need it for, which is the sex. So I understand why people aren't watching the feature films. But the companies that I know are trying to reboot that feature film. They're trying to do that high-budget. I hope it works out for them. But at the end of the day, the internet makes it very difficult.

Dave's Old Porn fits in well on Showtime. Did you shop it around first?

Oh, yeah. My executive producer and I took it to another network. They liked it and we made a pilot, but it was too dirty. The truth is, the only way to do a show like this is at Showtime. They're really cool with it. It's uncensored. I'm not allowed to show any penetration, but other than that, I'm pretty much allowed to show everything. Though

DIRTY

Comedian Chelsea Handler and Attell



Porn star Kristina Rose and Attell

Comedians Randy Sklar, Jason Sklar, and Attell



Comedian Adam Carolla, former porn star Georgina Spelvin, and Attell

you get a pretty good idea of what you're seeing. It's porn; you're watching porn. It's a late-night, dirty, unscripted, uncensored show, which I really like. I like that I never know what I'm going to say, and I don't know what the other people are going to say. It's fun as a comic.

It was a great idea having other comedians on. Does that break the ice when you have a porn star on?

The cool thing about this show is that I'm such a horrible host. The comics who come on, a lot have their own shows and are just great comics. It's like a free-for-all. Everybody can talk when they want and ask questions. We're trying to get inside knowledge on sex and porn, so it's the best having other comics on. It's also fun to watch the movie with them, make fun of it, and then ask the stars questions.

Does that make you feel more comfortable, having comedians there?

It just makes me feel old. But I do love having comics on. I think it's a good show for a lot of different types of people. I like seeing how many people and what kinds of people will come on. I understand that porn is not a given for everybody. At the end of the day, the two things I'm going for with the show are, I want my comic friends to have a good time and to be funny, and I want to give a proper tribute to these legends. They were a part of this strange world, and I want to give them the respect they deserve. It's not a show just about down-and-dirty porn.

It's kind of cool that you're going into it for that tribute.

Yeah! That's what it was designed for. It's really hard to convince some people that we're legitimate. We're not using them at all. It's their moment. The comedy aspect is a little

difficult though, because there are so many good jokes. You look at a hairy vagina and a million ideas come out.

Is it at all difficult having the stars of the films on set, or any porn star? You have to separate yourself from seeing them have sex.

Well, that's the cool thing. They're all great. The first season I met Seka; she's become an amazing friend of the show. But meeting her with Jim Norton for the first time, I was blown away. I had seen her all these years, and she was so much cooler than we could have ever imagined. She really rolled with it.

In keeping with the adult industry, you hosted last year's AVN Awards for the second time. How was that? I'm a horrible host [laughs]. I'm not

“The AVN Awards are not easy. But I will say that if the Emmys and Oscars had categories like ‘Double Anal,’ they’d be a hit. People would definitely watch.”



Comedian Whitney Cummings, porn legend Ron Jeremy, and Attell

really good at hosting anything, even this show. The AVN Awards are not easy. Everybody there is really amped up, a lot of drinking. People think it's funny, but those in the industry take it very seriously. I give it to them though; it's their night. But I will say that if the Emmys and Oscars had categories like "Double Anal," they'd always be a hit. People would definitely watch.

Speaking of different categories, would you ever expand *Dave's Old Porn* to include fetishes and gay pornography of that era?

I'm really glad you brought that up, because I want to do gay porn on the show. There's a lot of retro gay porn. We're slowly working our way there. I'm sure the network would have a say. We already show girl-on-girl, but it's not really taboo now. But guy-on-guy; I hope we get there. That's a really great question. This season we had Andy Dick on, and he kept asking, "Where's the gay porn?"


I do a lot of interviews with comedians and nearly every comic has mentioned you, whether as a source of inspiration or as someone who has helped them out. After all your years of performing stand-up, is it still the thing that gets you most excited?

Wow, you've blown me away here, man. That's so cool. I've spent so many years doing comedy. I guess you can say it's what I do, you know? But honestly, I don't consider myself that good, though I do try. If I've inspired anyone, that's amazing. It's all about the joke to me. I'm not the best performer in the world, and I'm not the best show-biz guy, but I know talking about jokes. That really gets me off. It's always so exciting when you tell a new joke or a new idea onstage and you can gauge the audience's reaction. Unfortunately,

today, it's hard to actually work out your material. I think Patton Oswalt said that even if it's not done in your head, it's done in their heads, you know? People tape things.

But that's cool that people think that way of me. It goes both ways. I definitely had people help me out. But comedy, it's what I do.

Stand-up fascinates me. It's really a unique thing.

For me personally, I was never a performer. Everybody that comes to a comedy club, they just see the people that made it in that club. But there are so many people in that city who haven't gotten into the club. There are more people thinking, *I wish I could be that. Should I try it? Should I not?* I think, for me, all those years of doing open mikes and being a horrible comic really put into perspective how good it is, and how lucky I am to do comedy. 

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.



Hot Box

A couple of my friends are CrossFitters, and they say their workouts do wonders for their sex lives. Is there something special about CrossFit when it comes to sex, or does pretty much any kind of fitness routine make sex better?

Imagine fit chicks in spandex all around you doing squats, grunting, and sweating. That alone could give your libido a boost.

All fitness crazes have sex appeal—at least when the craze is new, and classes are packed with gym bunnies. But fads run their course, the trendsetters move on, and you're left with Jazzercise.

I don't do CrossFit, but I go to a gym that is a CrossFit affiliate. I've listened to trainers bantering about it, and I've worked out alongside CrossFit classes. Judging by what I've observed, I have to admit that CrossFit is ultrasexy.

To begin with, a CrossFit gym is called a "box." So when a class is well attended, things get busy in the box. If you're a CrossFit trainer, you want to get a lot of people into your box. And if you're running your box well, they'll want to hit it again and again.

CrossFit training is based on something called a "workout of the day," or WOD, pronounced like "wad." A WOD is a short-duration, high-intensity set of exercises. WODs may consist of exercises such as jerks, ball slams, snatches, heaving snatches,

and thrusters. Trainers invent new WODs each day, but there are some standard WODs, known collectively as "the girls." If you're ever wanting for a WOD, you can always do one of the girls. I am not making any of this up.

Another signature CrossFit exercise is the kettlebell swing. It might not sound dirty, but it is. A kettlebell weight looks like an iron cannonball with a handle on top. You hold it with your arms straight down, grasping the handle with both hands, so the weight hangs between your legs. You try to swing the weight out in front of you by thrusting your hips forward. With each hip thrust, the weight swings higher. People who master the kettlebell swing can develop considerable hip-thrusting power.

Then there's the squat. A lot of squatting goes on in CrossFit. Imagine you're in the box, and all around you fit chicks in spandex shorts are doing sets of 100 squats. Mind you, that's a very hard workout, so they're all grunting and sweaty and making faces. That alone could give your libido a lasting boost, if it doesn't make you blow your WOD.

It's also possible that your buddies have seen improvements in their sex lives because they're having more sex. I don't mean to imply that CrossFit



is a meat market—only that it's a little bit cultish, from what I hear.

People who share intense experiences tend to bond with one another, especially when they're encouraged to feel part of a special, exclusive group. Add thrusts and squats to the mix, and it's a perfect setup for hookups.

TMI

I am the dad of a seven-year-old who's starting to ask a lot of questions about sex beyond where babies come from. I'm pretty open about sex, but I still find it awkward to talk about, because I don't know how much information is too much. What's appropriate for kids to know at that age?

It's no fun to talk to your kid about sex. If it makes you feel awkward, it doesn't mean you're a prude. In fact, I have a hunch that the discomfort many parents feel is not so much about shame as it is fear of saying something that will get them in trouble. They know that children repeat everything they hear, and no one wants their kid's sexual knowledge to raise eyebrows.

Parents are encouraged to talk openly and honestly with kids about sex, starting early. At the same time, they're told that it's a warning sign of sexual abuse when a child knows more about sex than is age-appropriate. Usually, no one bothers to tell parents what's appropriate at what age, though.

There actually are guidelines, written by a national group of experts from FutureOfSexEd.org. They say that children between the ages of five and eight should have a basic and fairly broad understanding of what sex is—more than just how babies are made, but not all the gory details.

By age eight, children should know the correct names of sexual body parts. Boys and men have a penis, scrotum, and testes (or testicles, if you prefer). A penis is a penis—not a pee-pee, or a wee-wee, or dingle. Girls and women have a vagina, and what's more, a vulva and a clitoris. Everyone has nipples. When a girl reaches puberty, she grows breasts.

Although kids shouldn't be ashamed to use the correct names, genitals are called "privates" for a reason. No one else should touch theirs, and they shouldn't touch anyone else's. If they like to touch their own genitals because it feels good, they can know it's called masturbation, and that it's okay to do in private.

Kids this age also should have an elementary grasp on how human reproduction works. It is appropriate for them to know that it involves sexual intercourse—specifically, that a man puts his penis in a woman's vagina, and that's how sperm from his testes are given the chance to meet an egg from her ovaries.

It's also okay to acknowledge that grown-ups have sex to feel good. Typically, the idea that people have sex for reasons besides making babies is framed for kids in terms of adults in a romantic relationship expressing love for each other. It probably isn't terribly amiss if your seven-year-old is able to get the sexual innuendo between Homer and Marge on *The Simpsons*. But a seven-year-old should not be wise to the kinds of things people

do on *Jersey Shore*. That's not in the guidelines. I'm just saying.

The concept that some people are heterosexual and others are homosexual is also within the scope of appropriate knowledge starting in kindergarten. Some conservatives are appalled that these days homosexuality is openly discussed in public elementary schools. But, openly or not, it has always been discussed in elementary schools. I knew what a "queer" was when I was in second grade. A queer was someone we singled out to chase down and tackle in the playground game of "smear the queer." I also learned from other kids that being called a "fag" was a grievous insult, because fags were butt-fuckers with AIDS. I wasn't sure what a "gaywad" was, however. I thought perhaps it was a little furry creature, like an Ewok.

Children should know that homosexual (aka gay and lesbian) men and women are attracted to, and fall in love with, people of the same gender. They should know it isn't okay to tease or beat up someone for being gay, even if their parents' beliefs are at odds with homosexuality. But they shouldn't know anything about butt fucking. If you wanted an example of TMI, there you have it.

This is an overview of the main themes the guidelines cover. I haven't mentioned everything. If you want to have a look for yourself, check out FutureOfSexEd.org. But remember, they're guidelines, not rules. It's not criminal to let a seven-year-old in on something that's deemed appropriate for older kids. But hopefully this gives you the gist of where you should go, and where you shouldn't. —



double- header

When Ivanna and Blue get together for game night, there's an immediate squeeze play, followed by a lot of shagging. By the time the ladies get around to their last licks, they're looking forward to a triple play.

Photographs by Viv Thomas





















SEE MORE OF IVANNA AND BLUE AT PENTHOUSE.COM



CAMERA READY

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXVII: Sultry Passions, Sinful Desires, published by Grand Central Publishing

I left my house somewhat in a daze. I imagined the events ahead, my mind drifting off, dreaming up scenes of the upcoming romantic evening with my boyfriend, Vern. Since Vern's a truck driver and hardly ever home, I wanted the time we spent together to be just perfect.

I turned the corner by his house, my pussy lips already moist with excitement, but my heart stopped when I saw that Vern's truck was not in the driveway. Disappointment stabbed me as I realized the evening was not going to be perfect after all.

I parked my car and sulked up to the door. Then a smile flashed over my face when a new idea took shape in my mind. I let myself in as my heart jumped with a new excitement. My pace quickened with this new rush running through my body. I raced to get everything ready before Vern's arrival.

I went to the first place Vern would go—the refrigerator. A cold beer would be his first objective. I left a brief note: "I'm waiting for you." I wrapped a black, silky G-string around the neck of an ice-cold Bud, just to give him a hint of the mood I was in.

As I finished preparing his bedroom, I thought out loud, *This might turn out better than my original plan.* A surge of excitement ran through my body as my eyes focused on the camcorder set up in the corner—out of the way, but with a great view of his bed. I lit candles all around the room, giving it just the right amount of light for the camera to get all the action.

Everything was ready for the evening—there was just one problem. Vern still had not shown up. Determined not to let this temporary setback ruin the night, I turned on the stereo and camcorder, then proceeded to do a slow, sensual dance in front of the camera.

As the music played in the background, I stripped my baggy T-shirt from my body, revealing a black lace teddy. My erect nipples showed through the sheer black material. I moved up and down in front of the camera, turning in all directions, making sure the camera caught every angle of my body. Taunting the camera as if it were Vern, I slowly wiggled out of my jeans while moving back toward the bed.



I removed my finger from my mouth, sliding it down to my wet spot, slipping it in and out of my soaking-wet pussy, moving my hips up and down.

My hands roamed freely over my body, one massaging my moist, wet mound through the thin layer of silk while my other hand played over my soft breast, pinching my erect nipple. I unbuttoned the easy-access on the teddy, revealing my shaved pussy lips. Only a small patch of hair remained above my slit.

I eased back on the bed, positioning myself just right for the camera. My cunt throbbed as the excitement built within me. The pressure was almost unbearable as my clit twitched with an erotic orgasm. Looking into the camera, I whispered, "I wish you were here to stick your hard, thick cock inside my wet pussy." I knelt in front of the camera to expose my breasts as I stripped off the teddy and tossed it to the floor. I slowly thrust my finger in and out of my mouth, sucking it like a cock, tasting my juices with every swirl of my tongue. I teased the camera as it looked on.

I removed my finger from my mouth, sliding it down my stomach until it reached my wet spot, slipping it in and out of my soaking-wet pussy, moving my hips up and down in rhythm as I fucked my fingers. My pussy began twitching with an electrifying orgasm as I cried out, "Vern," and my juices leaked down to the crack of my ass. Looking back at the camera, I said, "Sorry you had to miss out, but maybe next time our paths will cross."

I slid off the bed and then quickly got dressed. I grabbed the tape as I ran out of the room, down the stairs, and back into the kitchen. There I left the new movie, my black sheer teddy, and another note: "Watch me. Love, Nori."

I had started for the door when I heard Vern's truck door slam. My heart dropped into my stomach as I tried to figure out what to do next. Should I stay, or sneak out



the back? Still frozen in my tracks, I heard Vern's key in the front door. With no time to think, I ran back upstairs. I quickly stripped and lay on his bed to await his arrival.

While I lay there naked, trying to anticipate Vern's reaction, I must have fallen asleep. I thought I was dreaming for a second, then I realized it was not a dream. Vern's face was buried between my legs. His tongue brushed over my soft mound as my clit pulsed, sending surge after jolting surge through my body.

Slowly, he moved up my torso as he whispered, "Loved your movie, but it was missing something—me!" He quickly glanced at the camcorder. My excitement grew more intense when I realized he was taping us.

He plunged his hard cock into my wet pussy, stretching my walls to their limits, filling me with his long, thick shaft. I pulled my legs back against the bed as he slammed his body hard against mine, and I felt his balls slapping against my ass. His pace quickened as my pussy contracted around his shaft. I cried out, "Here it is!" as my cunt throbbed and pulsed into an intense orgasm.

I felt his cock starting to throb and I wailed, "Pull out, I want to suck you dry!" Without hesitation, he pulled his shooting cock from my pussy, spewing warm come on my belly before he jammed his shaft into my open mouth. I devoured our juices with every swipe of my tongue. Licking it up, down, and all around like it was a candy cane, I tongued his main vein as it pumped more come down my throat. Swallowing as much as I could, only allowing very little to drip from the corners of my mouth, I continued sucking his thick shaft until his body quit shaking. I slowly made my way down to the base of his cock, my tongue licking along his tender vein to the crack of his ass, making sure I didn't miss a drop.

As I made my way back over the head of his cock, Vern grabbed me, pulling me on top of him with his muscular arms. His sensitive tool could take no more.

We lay there holding each other, totally satisfied. "Shall we watch our movie, or shall we add another scene?" he asked.

"What do you think?" I replied, winking.—N.P., Wyoming



THE LONG RIDE HOME

In the confines of a vintage Mustang, two soldiers just back from Afghanistan head for home. Along the way, they manage to bring new meaning to the phrase "Park and Ride."

By Delilah Devlin • Illustrations by Charlene Chua

White-hot sun beat down on the tops of our helmets. Sweat pooled between our shoulder blades and dampened the necks of our T-shirts. But it was a hot, humid East Texas heat, unlike what we'd endured for the past 11 months, and none of us standing in formation really minded. We were home.

I watched sweat trickle down the side of one particular soldier's neck as he stood in the row in front of me, and I thought, not for the first time, that I'd like the chance to lick it away.

Not that Staff Sergeant Mason Haddox had a clue how I felt. We'd been part of the same platoon—played volleyball and shot hoops, driven trucks over long, barely paved expanses of desert and mountains, and cleaned our weapons, side by side, but he hadn't seen me as anything but another private who needed looking after.



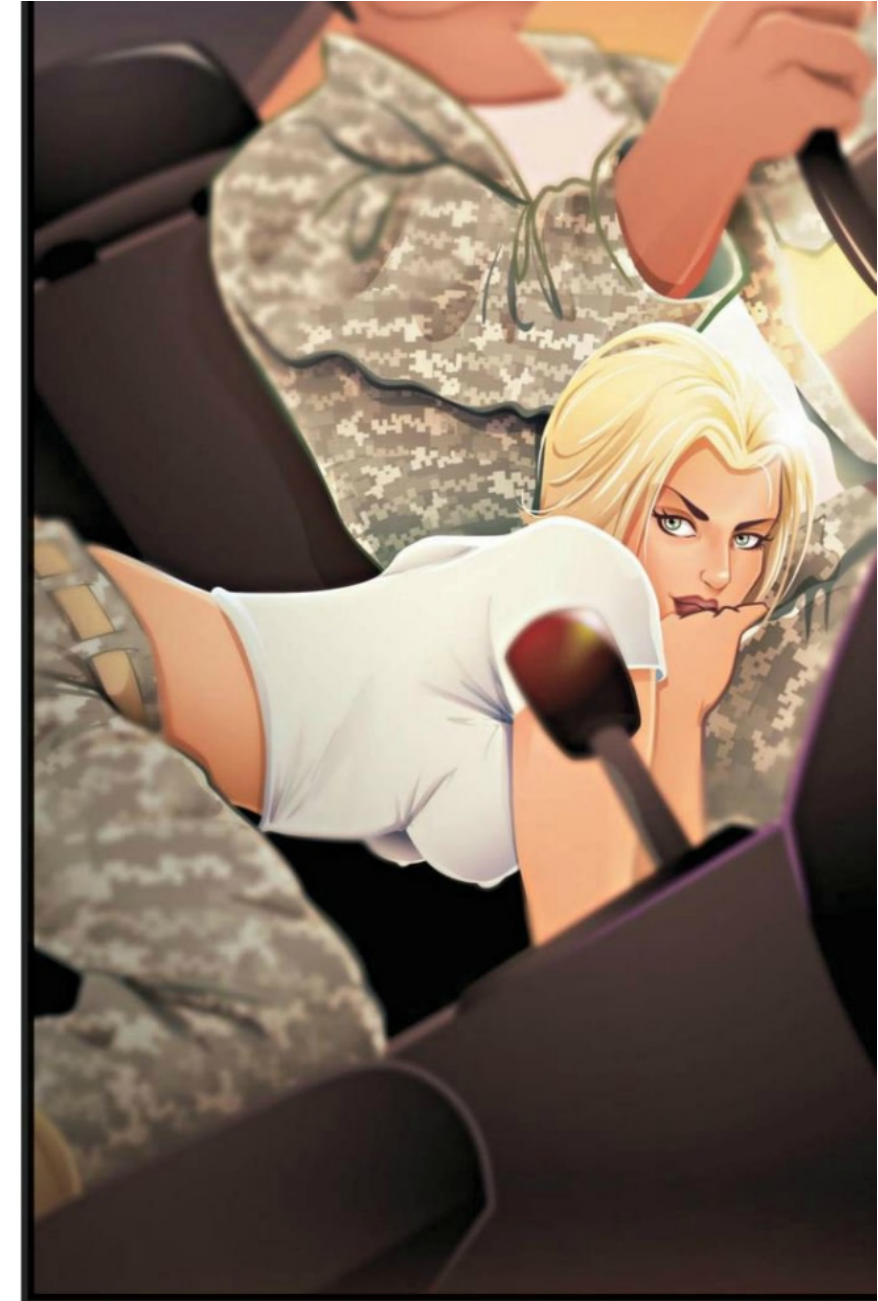
And yet, his tall, muscled frame, black crew cut, and wintry blue eyes had made quite an impression on me. I'd lusted after him since the first time he'd shown up drill weekend, a month before we'd deployed. His steadfast calm during the most nightmarish day of my life had only cemented my attraction.

My nose started to itch, and I wrinkled it, hoping formation would break soon so I could scratch it. My feet were roasting in the boots sticking to the black pavement.

True to his word, our commander kept his speech short, which was a good thing, since Staff Sergeant Haddox fidgeted, hands tightening and easing, swaying slightly on his feet as though waiting to spring into action. I knew he scanned the crowd seated in the bleachers from the corners of his eyes, hoping she'd show, that she'd changed her mind. I'd looked, too, and knew she wasn't there—and wouldn't be coming. I felt bad for him, but I was also secretly hoping that he'd be ready to let go, that he wouldn't do something stupid now that we were finally back home.

Just a month before we began preparations for our unit's return from Afghanistan, Haddox had gotten the Dear John letter from his girlfriend, informing him that she'd moved his belongings from their apartment into a storage unit. She'd included two keys taped to the page—one for the storage unit and one to his Mustang. She'd said she was sorry, but had he really expected her to wait all those months?

Had I been in her shoes, I would have. But then, I knew what it felt like to be so far from home that Skype and email couldn't begin to fill the loneliness. I'd survived it once. However, my husband's second tour had severed our connection—that and the emails I'd discovered when I'd hacked his Gmail account, the ones he'd sent to a female corporal stationed in another province, the ones planning a little R&R rendezvous. As quick as that, my love for him dried up like a closed tap. I'd forwarded the email to my account, then sent it to him along with a request for a divorce.



So I knew what Haddox felt. The searing betrayal. The anger. Maybe she'd been a decent person, but personally, I consigned her to hell. The worst thing the person at home could do to a deployed soldier was abandon him when he was too far away to do a damn thing about it.

I hoped he didn't plan to go find her now.

"Company, attention!"

I snapped into position.

"Dismissed."

Cheers from our unit and from the family and friends who filled the armory motor pool rang in the late-afternoon air. Haddox stomped away, not bothering to share a word with anyone.

My sister waved and made her way through the throng spilling from the bleachers, a wide smile splitting her

face. I gave her an answering smile, but couldn't help darting a glance to watch that broad set of shoulders move toward the open motor-pool gates—the only space large enough to hold the formation and the guests who'd come to welcome the reserve unit home. The buses that had delivered us from the airport were pulling away. Most of the soldiers and their friends and families were heading inside the armory for the welcome-home celebration, but Haddox was heading toward the parking lot.

I gave my sister a hug. "Go say hi to Shelby—he's got it bad for you."

I leaned over his lap and turned my attention to his thickening cock and fingered the curve of the satin-soft cap.

She laughed and blushed. "Where are you goin'?" Then her gaze followed mine. "Seriously? I thought you said he was an asshole."

"He grows on you. I'm sorry. I have to go."

She gave me a smile and hitched her purse over her shoulder. "Don't worry about me. But you better call."

"Tell Shelby to grab my gear!" I said before I took off. Haddox was already dropping his duffel bag into the trunk of a car—an older-model black Mustang. I halted beside him, trying to figure out what I could say to keep him from driving away.

"You forget something, PFC Hollister?" he asked, glancing at me as he slammed down the trunk lid.

"Megan," I said, suddenly breathless. "I thought you might like some company."

His gaze narrowed. "Did you now? I'm gonna blow the carbon out of the exhaust. The ride's gonna be bumpy."

"I don't want to get in the way—if you have plans."

He snorted. "No plans. Don't even have a place to sleep. Didn't your sister come to pick you up?"

"Yeah, but she's all right with me leavin'."

This time, his mouth twisted into something between a smile and a snarl. "Shelby?"

"Yeah. You know they've been writing each other."

His gaze trailed straight down my body, then up again. "Get in."

I strode quickly to the passenger door, opened it, and slipped into the bucket seat. Then I tossed my hat in the backseat and began unbuttoning my camouflage jacket.

He slid in beside me, one dark brow lifted, but he didn't say a thing when I threw it into the back and sat in my sweat-damp shirt in the musty car.

"Better roll down the windows," he said. Then he murmured a little prayer under his breath and turned the key in the ignition. I buckled my seat belt. The engine rumbled into life. With a quick, tight grin, he jerked the stick into reverse and then punched

it forward, and we rolled out onto the street, heading west rather than east into town.

Hot wind whipped through the interior of the car, dispelling the musty air and tugging at my blonde hair, which was looped into a clip at the back of my head. I reached back and released it, then laughed as the Mustang roared.

Glancing toward Haddox, I noted the hard edge of his jaw, the hand wrapped so tight around the steering wheel, the tensed muscles in his forearm. I didn't have to crawl inside his head to know he didn't want me there, but I was.

Maybe I could help him out a bit. And maybe he'd see me as more than a fellow soldier who'd shared the bench seat of a deuce-and-a-half truck a time or two. One I'd been driving when he'd had to talk me through a hail of gunfire when our transport convoy had come under heavy attack.

I unbuckled my belt, ignoring his frown. I turned in the seat and reached for the buttons of his jacket, flicking them open, then parting each side.

He didn't say a thing, but his nostrils flared and his jaw tightened.

I gripped the front of his T-shirt, bunched it in my hand, and tugged it from his trousers.

His stomach jumped, and he sucked it in, making just enough room for me to get my fingers under the waistband as I unbuckled, unbuttoned, and tugged down the zipper.

"Damnit, Hollister," he said, his voice rough as gravel. "You're gonna get us both killed."

"Not if you keep your eyes on the road," I said, tilting up my chin. Then I leaned over his lap, folded down the elastic band of his boxer briefs, and pulled his cock upright.

"Fuck," he said. The car bolted forward. I had a glimpse of the long, black ribbon of highway, then turned my attention to his thickening cock.

I fingered the curve of the satin-soft cap. "I never said thanks for saving my ass."

"I didn't expect it."

"I know. But it meant a lot, knowing you had faith I wouldn't freak."

"I recall shouting at you, calling you a pansy-assed waitress."

"Which I was, and will be again." I leaned toward him, brushing my breasts against his firm upper arms. "You made me mad enough to want to kill you."

"Which I take it turned you on?"

"Not right then. But later. Every time I heard you shout, I creamed."

His eyelids dipped down and he shot me a searing glance.

"My dick's out. Gonna do something with it, or were you just curious, Hollister?"

"I've seen it before—at the showers, when Specialist Shelby whipped off your towel."

He grunted. "Most of the camp saw me stomp back to the tent in my birthday suit. Not my finest moment."

"It was one of the highlights of the tour for me."

"Better get busy or put it back."

I winked. "Yes, Sarge. I'm pretty good at followin' orders."

His chuckle was low and dirty, but his expression had softened a fraction. He wasn't thinking about the bitch who'd dumped him in a letter now.

Certain I had his full attention, I bent, slipping a hand inside his briefs to fondle his balls while I wet the tip of his cock with long drags of my tongue. Then I dove deeper, taking him into my mouth, suctioning to pull him deeper, and stroking my tongue along the sides of his shaft.

He hardened quickly inside my mouth, expanding, stretching, veins rising against the steely shaft. I bobbed over his lap, quietly at first, but soon couldn't help the little slurping sounds I made as my mouth watered, coating him. His



He slid me down, his fingers biting into my hips as his cock crowded through swollen tissue. I bit my bottom lip as I savored the stretch.



balls tightened, pulling closer to his groin, and I tugged them gently until he widened his thighs and melted against the seat.

I moaned around him, then shifted to get my knees under me on the seat. I pulled my hand from his underwear and gripped the edge of the dash and his shoulder for better leverage, then dove again and again, taking him deep into my throat, lunging faster and faster.

His belly jumped, the engine growled—then fingers dug into my scalp and tugged my head from his lap. “Get your pants off.”

With my heart beating hard against my chest, I struggled with my boots, flipping them over the seat, and then tossed back my pants. The bikinis I dropped to the floorboard—in case I needed them in a hurry.

Haddox pulled the car onto the shoulder of the road, slid back his seat, then urged me over his lap. “This what you were after?”

I reached between us and set the tip of his cock at the entrance of my vagina. “I owe you.”

“You don’t owe me a damn thing.” His hands gripped my hips and held me still. “Why me? Why now?”

“We’re stateside. Not breakin’ any laws.”

“Beg your pardon, but I can think of a few.” He leaned toward me and rooted through my T-shirt until his mouth latched on to a nipple. He bit it. “First stateside fuck? Not buying it.” He nipped it again, harder.

I gasped and dug my fingers into his close-cropped hair. “I want you, Haddox.”

“Mason. We’re gonna fuck—call me Mason.”

“Mason, I want you. Have for the longest, but you had a girl. I wouldn’t do that to another woman—not when she couldn’t be there to fight for you.”

He released my breast. “You divorced your husband when he was deployed.”

“He cheated.”

He grunted, centered me again, and slid me down his cock, his fingers biting into my hips as he controlled the slow glide.

“Man was a damn fool.”

“It happens. We were apart too damn long.”

“I waited.”

“So did I. But I’m not bitter.” I squeezed my pussy around him. “Damnit, let me move.”

His grip eased, and his hands slid up the inside of my shirt and under my bra. His fingers were hard but caressed me gently, massaging me as I began to move.

“When did it get dark?” I murmured, clutching his shoulders. Despite the tight confines and the steering wheel rubbing my back, I rose and fell, slowly at first, then faster, as the last glimmer of the setting sun burned against the horizon.

His breaths deepened. He pinched my nipples and pulled them, letting them go, then pulled them again. Excitement cramped my belly, slicked my channel and his dick.

His eyelids dipped, and he shoved up my shirt to watch as he continued to torture my breasts. The tips extended, and he twirled them between his fingers. I plunged down his cock again. “Mason,” I gasped.

“Do you know what I’m gonna do to you first motel we find?”

“Jesus, what?” I said, lunging down and settling against him to rub my clit against his pelvic bone and wiry curls.

“Tie you to the bed. Then lick you from your toes to your tits and back down. Might leave a mark or two along the way.”

I smiled. “Haven’t had a hickey since high school.”

“Ever been spanked?”

I tilted my head. “Wanna use your belt on me?”

“Fabric doesn’t sting as much as leather. Will that be enough for you, wildcat?”

I laughed. “Think so. And I like it doggie-style. Rattle the bed when you fuck me.”

“I can manage that. If we can get food delivered, I might not want to leave the bed for a week.”

I groaned. “Seems just about long enough.”

“To make up for no sex for a year?”

“To get to know you.”

Mason blew out a deep breath, then pushed back my hair. “You know me, Megan,” he whispered. “You knew I couldn’t be alone today.”

“Then maybe it’ll be long enough for you to know me.”

“Oh, I know you well enough. I called you a wimp when you were scared. Got you riled enough to gun it and run that truck through the barricade. I wanted to kiss you when we made it back to camp.”

His cock crowded through swollen tissue. I bit my bottom lip as I savored the stretch. “Really?”

“Yeah, but Marla was still part of my life, or so I thought.”

I wrinkled my nose. “And it would’ve been breakin’ the rules.”

“That, too.” He cleared his throat. “Think we might finish this up before some cop comes drivin’ by and arrests both our naked asses?”

“Dontcha think he’d give two soldiers home from war a break?”

“Maybe, but I’m not in the mood to have to flash him my own badge, and I don’t want anyone seein’ your ass but me.”

I rose and fell, squeezing my pussy hard, making double damn sure he knew I wasn’t going to rush a minute of my first Mason-induced orgasm. “When we wrap up this week in bed, will I see you again?”

“Think I need a war to know I need this—and you?”

“A girl likes to know she’s more than a fuck, Mason.”



"Baby, I do believe you're gonna be my favorite fuck."

I rammed down his cock and held still, glaring daggers at his sly smile.

His gaze held mine as he fit two fingers into the top of my folds and rubbed my clit, toggling back and forth.

My whole body shivered, and I let out a whimper.

"Can't resist it, can you? Gonna do what I ask, baby? Gonna come for me now?"

I closed my eyes and rocked forward and back, grinding against him, building friction, getting wetter and wetter. When he leaned toward me and kissed my mouth, I cried out and

burrowed my tongue into his mouth, tasting him fully for the first time as waves of hot and cold pleasure rippled through me. I vibrated on his cock, my muscles squeezing, releasing, and then his thighs tensed beneath me, and he shoved up and then down, tunneling deeper, stroking in and out, until, at last, he shuddered and his whole body tightened. His hot come spurted deep inside me, and I gave quick thanks to the fact I was still

on the pill. Neither of us was ready for complications.

His mouth softened, and he rubbed his lips on mine before pulling back.

"Do something for me?"

"I already did," I murmured.

"Stay naked. I like the idea of you slickin' up the leather while I drive."

I grinned and eased slowly off his cock. While he tucked himself back into his pants and changed gears to pull out onto the highway, I sat beside him, my thighs slightly parted to let them dry.

He placed a hand between my legs, and two fingers slipped into my pussy. "Any complaints?" he asked, his smile digging a dimple into one cheek.

I flipped back my hair, snuggled my back into the leather, and closed my eyes. "I'll let you know, soldier." So what if I didn't have a toothbrush or a change of clothes? The fingers gliding through my folds were determined to spark a second coming that had me sliding lower in my seat. I trusted him. He knew me. It was enough for now. We'd come home and neither of us wanted to be alone.

The scrubby live oaks and cedar trees dotting the rugged hills blurred as my eyelids fell. I smiled, thinking about how I must look—tanned legs spread, T-shirt bundled under my breasts. His thumb rasped my swollen clit. I peeked at him. His face was turned away, but he was smiling, too, and looking like a man well-satisfied with how things had gone down.

"Are you sorry it's me?" I asked, then instantly regretted it. I didn't want to sound needy.

His eyes reflected the lights from the dash when he shot me a quick glare. "I was pissed she didn't bother to show, but when you jumped into my car, I realized I didn't even know what color her eyes were." He gave a snort. "Yours, sweetheart, are gold-brown with little green flecks. I've noticed things about you from the very start. If I hadn't wanted you in this car, I'd have patted your butt and sent you on your way."

I faced forward again, satisfied that it was probably the most romantic thing the man might ever tell me. I cupped my hand over the one still playing between my thighs and settled in for the long ride. ☪


"The Long Ride Home," by Delilah Devlin, from *Duty and Desire: Military Erotic Romance*, edited by Kristina Wright. Published by Cleis Press, 2012.

the picture of health

Twenty-four-year-old Abigail Mac is studying nutrition so that she can get certified as a health and wellness coach, but one glance at these photos proves that the beautiful brunette from Billings, Montana, already knows exactly what does a body good.

Photographs by Christopher Love





"I'd love to open my own wellness center and retreat after I finish school. I want everyone to experience how good they can feel all the time, and to learn how to live the best life ever!"





"My ideal date activity would be fun: skating, biking, swimming, climbing trees.... My ideal date is a guy who's doing something in life that he's truly passionate about, and living his life the way he wants."











"The best sexual experience I've ever had was after hiking up a mountain. We hiked to a gorgeous hot spring and spent the day soaking nude and making love, surrounded by lush wilderness."

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■ BARRACKS BOOTY

Doing paperwork in an office on an Army base might sound boring, but I've found living on base to be more fun than I'd ever imagined. Being older than most of my barracks mates, I tended to keep to myself and concentrate on my job. But all work and no play can make me a dull girl, so I spent most evenings at the gym, running laps and playing racquetball.

One night a tall, blue-eyed stranger asked if she could join me for a game. The courts were crowded, and I was bored batting the ball around by myself, so I said sure. She was young and home from college for the summer, with dark hair and an amazing body. While we whacked the ball around she told me her name was Caitlyn, and that her father was stationed at the base. She also told me she had been watching me for a couple of nights, and that I looked like I could use some company.

My mind was already racing ahead to sexual scenarios, but I desperately tried to play it cool, or so I thought. We played ball for an hour, worked up a good sweat, and then headed for the showers. She stripped off her sweats to expose her beautiful young body—curvy, firm, entirely exciting. My resolve to keep to myself flew out the window, and I found myself blushing like a schoolgirl.

We went out for burgers, and spent hours talking. I was living in a room in

the barracks and she still lived at home. Neither of us had a car, so we finally said good night with a great deal of reluctance.

The next afternoon, I saw Caitlyn as I was jogging. She was seated in the bleachers, watching me again. I climbed up to where she was sitting, and we decided to meet later for dinner. I told her where my barracks was, and she said she'd come by. When she did, she was wearing a form-fitting dress and a mysterious smile. For the moment I forgot that I was a little older than she, even that I was in an Army barracks and risking jail if we were caught. I did remember, though, that my roommate would be out for at least another couple of hours.

We never made it to dinner that night. Instead, I pulled Caitlyn into the room and quickly shut the door. I kissed her, half expecting her to laugh, or even slap me, but she kissed me back, long and deep. I gently moved my hand to her breast, and her nipple became hard enough to press through the thin fabric. As I unzipped her dress, I moved to the other breast. She wasn't

wearing a bra, just a sheer slip, and her breasts stood out, round and firm.

She unbuttoned my shirt, touching my breasts through my camisole, and my nipples stood at attention. Soon we were on the bed, narrow as it was. I was happy the bunk was so small, because it made things a lot cozier. She lay back and I began kissing her, deep in her mouth, down her long neck, and gently on her nipples. She shivered as I teased first one nipple, then the other, and moaned as I moved down her flat belly. I reached her slit and spread her lips open just enough to reach her clit. She was moaning in earnest now, and I sucked her clit harder while slipping my fingers into her wet hole. She was trying to keep quiet, but couldn't help letting out a muffled yell as she came.

She clung to me, whispering into my ear that it had been her first time. While I lay next to her digesting that, she began moving down my chest and belly. I almost came as soon as her lips found my clit, but held out while she sucked harder and harder. For a first-timer, she'd certainly caught on fast. When I did come, I had to bite my lip to keep from shouting. We both lay back, exhausted.

That was only the first of many clandestine meetings that summer. I got new orders not long after that and had to leave both the base and Caitlyn, but I think of her often.—FG., Colorado

I reached her slit and spread her lips open just enough to reach her clit, and I sucked hard.

FANTASY FULFILLMENT

My husband has always wanted to have anal sex. I love the idea of it, and I love to know that he is thinking of it while he licks my ass and fingers it. The problem is, his dick is huge.

Last night was different. We began by kissing and touching each other all over. I worked my way down and sucked on his big cock for a while, which he loves, and so do I.

Then he kissed me and pushed me back onto the bed, spread my legs, and began to suck my pussy. I love the way he does that, the way he relishes it. This time he paused now and then to lick my ass before moving back to my clit and licking so gently and sweetly. I felt his hand by my ass, and it thrilled me the way it always does. There is something sneaky and demanding about the way his finger materializes right on my asshole while he's licking me. I enjoy the way he pushes his wet finger gently but firmly forward, entering so slowly. Sometimes I like to put my hand on his and push it away, but that's part of the game. He pauses, licks and sucks me slightly, then more firmly

until I moan out my approval—and the finger comes back.

Now he pressed slowly, and the tip of his finger entered my ass. He pulled his finger back just a touch, and then it slid forward some more. I moaned and pushed my heels against the bed, sliding upward and pulling myself away. He followed me with his mouth, and smoothly slid one arm under my leg, the other over my stomach. I couldn't maneuver away anymore, and that excited us both. He concentrated on sucking my pussy until I was so hot and close to coming. Then the finger was back, sliding into my ass quickly. Just as I was on the verge of coming, he pulled away.

I was startled, because normally he would make me come when he had me so close. But when he rolled me

over and licked my ass, I knew what he wanted, and I was excited to the point that one touch on my clit would have pushed me over the edge. He dragged me gently by the legs to the edge of the bed. He reached toward the dresser and clicked open the massage oil. I felt him spreading the oil all over my ass. He made soft noises of desire as he slid his fingers around my ass, probing it, sliding a finger in and out.


I knew in that instant he was going to get what he wanted. He would have stopped if I had asked him, but there was no way was I going to. I wanted this, wanted his cock deep inside me.

He rubbed some oil on himself while his other hand kept busy with my ass. He removed his fingers and took hold of my hand. He asked me to play with myself, and, as I did, I visualized his cock disappearing into my hole. I was thinking how much he would enjoy it, and thinking of him thinking these things had me in such a state of arousal that I came. It was silent, strong, and amazing.

He pressed against my backdoor almost clumsily. I reached back and took his cock in my hand and

My husband moved in and out very slowly. I thought about him seeing his cock in my ass, where he'd wanted it for so long.

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guided him to the spot. I gasped a little, and he whispered for me to relax while he moved in and out very slowly. Suddenly, his cock seemed to go deeper and move more easily. I thought about him looking down and seeing his cock in my ass, where he'd wanted it for so long. That thought aroused me again, and I began to work my clit, my fingers moving from side to side.

He pushed deep into my ass, then he pulled out almost completely so that he had to push against the opening to get back in. I knew he had to be loving it. I had another huge climax, and then he had an intense orgasm in my ass. After, he thanked me with a grin for making another fantasy of his come true.

The truth is, now I'm fantasizing about him taking my ass. I have a hunch it will get better every time.—*S.C., Kentucky*

■ GET HER TO GO

Last weekend, I met up with some friends at a restaurant. The plan was to have dinner before heading to a club. It was extremely busy and the wait for a table was long, so Jake and I went to the bar for a drink. Standing at the far end was a tall blonde in a little black dress.

"I'm going over to talk to her," I said.

"You mean you're going to get your balls handed to you," he countered.

"We'll see," I said, and walked over to introduce myself. Instead of rejecting me, Emily was really friendly and even more beautiful up close. After I had talked and flirted with her for an hour, Jake came over to say our table was ready. I told him I'd catch up with everyone at the club later. I didn't realize how much later it would be.

I asked if she'd like to go somewhere else instead of the crowded bar. We were sandwiched together, but Emily moved even closer and said she could meet her friends later—if she wanted to. I moved us to a recently vacated cozy corner. We were standing so close to each other, I could feel her nipples against my chest, and within minutes we were in the middle of a serious kiss.

Emily's little black dress rode up when I ran my hands up her silky legs. I told her how smooth they felt, and she said that she was even smoother higher up. I reached between her legs and felt her wet and smooth cunt through her silky panties. I said I'd love to check out the wax job. She said that

could be arranged, if I was ready to leave. I was so ready I could taste her.

We left in her SUV, with me at the wheel. As soon as we were on the road, Emily had her heels up on the dash and I had my greedy fingers in her pussy. By the time we'd arrived at her house, I'd given Emily her first orgasm of the night. I couldn't wait for mine.

When we got inside, she wanted to fix some drinks. She bent down to get the vodka from a cabinet, and I got to appreciate her dress from a different

I raised her dress and dropped my pants. She wriggled out of her thong as I took a moment to admire her firm ass.

angle. The view was too inviting to resist. I stood behind her, raised her dress, and dropped my pants. She placed the bottle on the bar and wriggled out of her thong as I took a moment to admire her firm ass before pursuing my first—but not my last—fuck of the night.

She was so juicy that I slid right into her wet heat. I pulled back slowly and drove into her again. I kept this up as Emily moaned and begged me to stop teasing her. When she turned her head to me and shoved her tongue into my mouth, I lost control and began slamming into her like a man on a mission. It was incredible. I came harder than ever before, with Emily crying out in pleasure.

We made the most of the occasion—standing, on the floor, in her bed, and on the couch, until we'd succeeded in exhausting ourselves.



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After we'd slept, she started my morning with a first-rate blowjob in the shower. She wasn't much of a cook, so we had toast and coffee before I said I had to get going.

Emily drove me back to my car and we exchanged email addresses. I didn't think I'd see her again, but a couple of months later, I ran into her at a party and we ended up back at my place. Now we get together for drinks and casual sex, but she's been hinting about hooking up for New Year's Eve, and I just might take her up on it.—S.R., Alabama

Heather stopped bucking on me and ground down hard. Her cries turned to moans of ecstasy as she detonated on top of me.

■ DOUBLE THE FUN

I was at one of my favorite bars, scoping out chicks and hoping to get laid. I wasn't making much progress, until a couple of really hot, long-legged blondes walked in. They were wearing matching outfits and looked so much alike that they just had to be twins.

They danced with every guy in the bar. When my turn came, I found out their names were Heather and Jamie, it was their 30th birthday, and they were planning on making it a memorable experience. Then Jamie left with a big, athletic-looking guy named Derek, and I was pleasantly surprised when Heather invited me back to their apartment. Of course I accepted.

Once inside, the girls put on some music and dimmed the lights to set the mood. Derek and I sat in chairs while Heather and Jamie did a sexy striptease for us. Their bodies were

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perfect. They had large, firm tits that jiggled tantalizingly as they moved. The girls danced and swayed sensuously for a while, running their hands over their bodies. I had a real hard-on by this time.

Finally, they led us to the couch and made us stand at opposite ends while they lay on their backs and hung their legs over the arms of the couch. "It's a pussy-eating contest," they told us. "The first one who makes one of us come gets a special prize."

Derek and I looked at each other and grinned. When the girls spread their legs and nodded, we dove in. Heather's muff was hot and had a musky odor, and she let out a yelp when my tongue touched her twat. A sound from the other end of the couch told me that Derek had done the same to Jamie. I ran my tongue all around Heather's pussy, then licked her slit lengthwise, tasting her sweet honey and lapping it up eagerly. Her sister was already moaning and suddenly squirmed. "Hey, Heather," Jamie gasped, "I think we have our winner right here."

Heather wrapped her legs around my head and pulled me tighter against her cunt. I licked faster, but Jamie was moaning and squirming harder. Suddenly she let out a loud groan. "I won," Jamie giggled afterward. The couch shifted and creaked as she sat up and began showering Derek with wet kisses. Heather was finally moaning, so I kept eating until she thrust herself in my face and cried out.

As soon as Heather was done coming, she rolled off the couch and led me to a chair. She pushed me onto it and said, "Now you have to watch while Derek gets his prize."

They placed Derek in full view of me and stripped off his clothes. He had a huge erection, which both sisters appreciated. They licked and fondled him for a while, then Heather backed off. "He's yours; go for it," she told her twin.

Jamie licked her lips and attacked Derek's rod in a frenzy. She licked and sucked, stroked and caressed, and finally took the engorged organ completely into her mouth. My cock was aching for the same treatment. Jamie's head bobbed furiously as she mouth-fucked Derek. He put his hands on her head and closed his eyes, grunting with satisfaction a second later. Jamie took his load in her mouth and swallowed it all, then used her hand to milk all the come out of his



dick, licking it clean with the tip of her tongue.

The sisters looked at me, then at each other. "Consolation prize!" they shouted, and lunged at me.

Without even letting me up from the chair, they tore off my clothes and drowned me in a sea of arms, legs, and tits. One of the nymphets crawled between my legs, and I felt a warm wetness cover my dick. She blew me with a firm, practiced mouth and tongue, and in a short time I shot my wad into her throat.

Heather and Jamie had worked out various configurations for four. First, Jamie sat on the couch, Derek stood over her with his cock in her mouth, and I knelt down and ate her out while Heather crawled between my legs and sucked me off. Then Derek sat on the couch, Heather stood over him with her cunt in his face, and Jamie knelt down and blew him while I fucked her from behind. This went on all night long.

By morning, having exhausted all the configurations but not ourselves, we tried something different. The

sisters pushed me to the floor and mounted me, Heather on my cock, Jamie on my face, so they were facing each other. Jamie's thighs and ass obscured my view, but I caught glimpses of Derek standing beside us, between the girls. I figured they were both sucking his cock.

Heather bucked and thrashed on my dick, leaving me able to concentrate on Jamie's cunt. It was wetter than any pussy I had ever seen, and I knew from experience what would happen when she hit orgasm. I was so into eating Jamie's pussy that I didn't even feel my imminent explosion until I spurted. Heather stopped bucking and ground down hard. "He's coming, Jamie!" she cried. "He's coming in my pussy!" Her cries turned to moans of ecstasy as she detonated on top of me. Jamie climaxed at almost the same instant. This was what I had been waiting for. She cried out, and a flood of juices poured out.

Jamie kept riding me, but I felt Heather dismount. A moment later, I got a glimpse of Heather on her hands and knees, getting fucked doggie-style by Derek. She bucked and cried out, moaning that she was coming. Derek kept fucking her hard, then I saw his face contort and he grunted. I imagined his come mixing with mine. His climax took Heather over the top, and she came again. As she watched, Jamie ground her pussy hard against

Heather and Jamie had worked out various configurations for four, and the fucking went on all night long.

my face until she let loose another loud moan and another deluge of fluid.

By this time we were exhausted, so we cleaned up before Heather and Jamie took us back to the bar for our cars. I can only dream of running into them again!—M.H., Washington

■ PLAYING POCKET POOL

I own a bar with my brothers, and while they handle the business side of things, I deal with the day-to-day stuff—including tending bar most nights. There are some perks to being the one in charge. My favorite is getting to check out all the hot guys who come into the bar.

The only downside to my job is that, at the end of the night, I can't just go home with whichever guy has caught my interest. I have to stay and clean up, and that takes a lot longer than you'd think. By the time I'm done and ready to head home, the place has usually been dead for a few hours, and not many guys are willing to hang around that long. I usually have to wait for a day off to find someone to go home with.

Take last Thursday night. I was

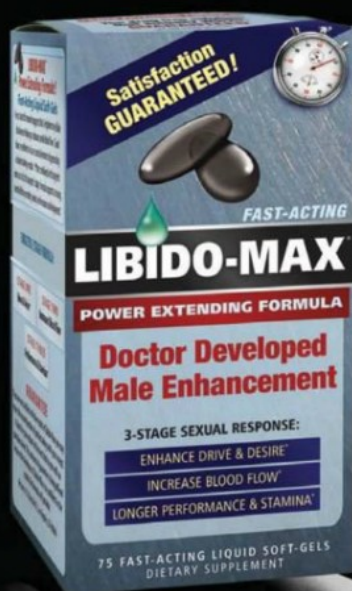
behind the bar as usual, and a gorgeous guy was holding court at the center of the bar. We were flirting like crazy, but he and his friends took off around midnight, while I still had four hours of work ahead of me. Normally, I wouldn't be too upset about something like that, but flirting with him had been a huge turn-on, and by the time he left I was in almost dire need of an orgasm.

I could barely focus on the orders I was taking the rest of the night, and as soon as the last of my employees had left, I locked the door and took a moment to make sure I was really alone. Once I was certain that I was the only person in the building, I turned off the front lights and went into the back room, where there were no windows. I wanted all the

I lay down on the pool table and imagined myself fooling around with the guy I'd flirted with as I rubbed myself.



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privacy I could get. Then I hopped up on the pool table and made myself comfortable.

I was still thinking about the guy I'd been flirting with hours earlier, and as I lay on the pool table, I unzipped my jeans, pushed them low on my hips, and reached inside. My pussy was already wet, and as my fingers brushed over the crotch of my panties, I felt my juices seep through the cotton. I imagined myself fooling around with the guy as I rubbed myself.

My fingers stayed outside my panties for a moment, and then ventured past the elastic waist to touch my bare cunt lips. I was soaking wet, and the moisture gathered on my fingertip as I ran my digit up and down my slit. When it was covered in juice, I moved my finger up to my clit and gently rubbed my delicate button.

The thoughts of my cute customer were arousing me, and as soon as I touched my clit, I felt a rush of excitement. I pressed harder, intensifying the sensations, then moved my fingers back to my slit so I could finger-fuck myself. I'd really been

hoping to get some dick that night, and while I wasn't going to get what I wanted, that didn't mean I couldn't still get fucked.

I thrust my finger into my pussy, but one wasn't enough, and I quickly added two more. With three fingers filling me, I could pretend there was a fat dick teasing the entrance of my cunt, and I pumped them repeatedly, fucking myself.

I wiggled and writhed on the pool table, the green felt scratching my back where my shirt had ridden up. It aroused me further. It had been a while since I'd been so horny that I couldn't even wait to get home before pleasuring myself, and I was sure that getting myself off in the deserted bar was going to make my orgasm all the more powerful. I couldn't wait to find out if I was right!

I moved my thumb up to my clit as I thrust my fingers in and out of my slit, and my whole body felt as if it were on fire, thanks to the combination of pleasurable sensations. I worked my other hand under my shirt to fondle my breasts. Each touch brought me closer to my climax, and the pleasure was so distracting that I couldn't stay focused on my fantasies of my hot customer.

My hands worked me over quickly and carefully, hitting all the right spots, and after several minutes, I was ready. My touches became more furious, more frantic, and I knew I would come at any second. As soon as I felt the telltale tingles racing through my body, I pressed my thumb hard on my clit and sent myself over the edge.

I continued pumping my fingers into my pussy and massaging my breasts as I rode out my orgasm on top of the pool table. When I was finished, I slid my pants back up and hopped down to the floor. I checked the green table for any signs of what I'd just done, but it was thankfully unmarred. Satisfied, I went back to cleaning up the bar and shutting the place down for the night. I'd be behind the bar again in no time, and hopefully I'd find someone to go home with.—C.L., New York 

I moved my thumb up to my clit as I thrust my fingers in and out of my slit, and it felt like my whole body was on fire.

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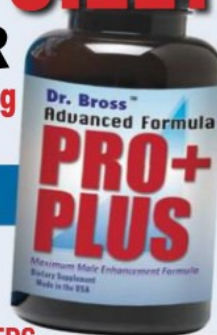


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New Year's Relations

We can't think of a better way to close out this special issue that introduces our new Pet of the Year and shepherds in 2013 than to offer a glimpse at what we all have to look forward to from the lovely Nicole Aniston, who is captured here in an erotic coupling with Courtney Cummmz.



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CE AS FLAVORFUL. - THE ADVOCATE GREAT STRENGTH IN TEXTURE...SMOOTH MOUTH FEEL ...A PERFECT ...ETER TIMES SOY IS VERY CC

WE CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MAXIM 3 IS WITHOUT PEER AS THE FOUNDATION OF THE ULTIMATE V VODKA MARTINI. - ROBB REPOR

FLAWLESS VODKA RATING OF 100 POINTS EVER RECORDED. - IBAT* ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLICK. - PLATSOY FIRST FLAWLESS VODKA RATI

...OFFERS A SMOOTH TASTE. - ABC NEWS A HEALTHIER WAY TO GET SHITFACED...WE CAN ...ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MA

ND THAT'S STORMING THE BAR SCENE. - COSMOPOLITAN SMOOTH AS FRENCH SILK AND TWICE AS FLAVORFUL- THE ADVOCATE TOP TEN MUST-HAVE ITEMS

A POSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS SOY VODKA SIPS AS EASILY AS 1, 2, 3. SOY IS VERY COMPLEX...HA

- THE ADVOCATE THE SMOOTHEST VODKA I HAVE EVER TASTED. - ARIZONA REPUBLIC 3 IS WITHOUT PEER AS THE

LESS UNMATCHED BY ANY OTHER VODKA...YOU'LL FIND THAT 3 IS TRULY TRIPLE SMOOTH. ...A SMOOTHER VODKA...TH



3 VODKA.
DISTILLED FROM SOY
ASK FOR IT
BY NUMBER
NO CARBS

JUDGING BY THE BUZZ, WE'VE CLEARLY MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION.

